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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1956

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## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### Improper "Moan"

THE average English soldier (and for that matter civilian) enjoys what is known as a "moan," but it is usually expressed good-naturedly and more often than not is turned into a witticism. But the "moan" which is coming from some of the reservists who have been called up in consequence of the Suez Canal crisis assumes a somewhat disturbing character.

When reservists, returning home for a week's leave from Germany, issue statements seeking to indicate to the government policy and actions which should be taken regarding the Canal and other Middle East problems, they are moving far away from what are recognised as legitimate "moans."

Soldiers who endeavour to reserve the right to decide for themselves whether an emergency, such as to justify their call-up, exists, are going seriously close to political treachery, and cap that by remarking their government that "the rule of law must be observed" and that "United Nations decisions are binding on all members," they are being impudent.

A certain amount of qualified sympathy can be lent for soldiers who have been sent out to the Mediterranean as part of the government's precautionary measures to meet the present crisis in the Middle East, and who find that their duties are largely an overdose of "spit and polish" routine. Even then it is difficult to appreciate the manner in which protests against these irksome duties have been made. It is far more serious, however, when politics are injected into the complaints, and national policy is called into question. Nor is this mitigated by the disclosure that a Communist agitator has been active amongst a bunch of reservists. That merely renders more disconcerting the fact that a number of British soldiers have allowed themselves to become bemused by, and associated with his impudent twaddle. Servicemen generally become "browned off" about the daily routine of their lives, and that is fully understood. But it certainly does not entitle any of them publicly to question the government's assessment of what is or is not an emergency, or of its right to make use of their services.

## DRAMATIC KHRUSHCHEV FLIGHT

### Sudden Arrival In Warsaw With Three Top Soviets

### Abolition Of Censorship Demand

London, Oct. 19. A demand for the abolition of "preventive" censorship in Poland was made yesterday at a meeting of a Polish parliamentary committee, *radio news reported today.*

Mr Stefan Ignar, Deputy Chairman of the Polish United Peasant Party, said that the existing "preventive" censorship of newspapers and books was incompatible with the Polish constitution.—*China Mail Special.*

### Suez: Britain Ready To Negotiate

Bremen, Oct. 19. The newly-appointed head of the British Foreign Office said today that Britain was ready to resume negotiations with Egypt on the Suez crisis as soon as she makes proposals containing guarantees as effective as those of the West.

He added that Britain was determined to solve the crisis by peaceful means, but also would strive for an agreement permanently ensuring the right of free passage through the Canal for all.

The British ambassador to West Germany, Sir Frederick Hoyer-Millar, said this in a dinner speech to the Kahl Schurz society here. Sir Frederick's appointment as new permanent UN-Secretary for Foreign Affairs was announced last night.

"We should be prepared to resume direct discussions with the Egyptian government as soon as they put forward their proposals for a settlement embodying guarantees no less effective than those of the 18-nation proposals. These actions on our part speak clearly of our determination to solve the crisis by peaceful means—a determination which I should like to add, is equalled only by our unshakable resolve to strike for an agreement which will permanently ensure and protect the right of free passage through the Suez Canal to all seafarers."—*United Press.*

## BREAK UP POLISH PARTY MEETING

Warsaw, Oct. 19. Nikita Khrushchev and three Deputy Premiers of Russia flew suddenly and secretly into Warsaw today just as the Polish Communist Party was beginning a major post-Stalin reshuffle.

Their arrival, heavily guarded and previously unannounced, coincided with mounting tension in the Polish capital and open demands for reform.

Well informed circles said the Russians came to oppose certain reorganisational plans in the Polish party. There was no official announcement.

Khrushchev brought with him V. M. Molotov, who retired as Soviet Foreign Minister after the restoration of relations with Yugoslavia President Tito and Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan and Lazar Kaganovich.

It was also rumoured that Marshal Ivan Koniev, Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern military alliance, also came. This could not be confirmed immediately.

The Central Committee of the Polish United Workers (Communist) Party had just taken the first step towards reorganising the party on liberal lines when the Russians arrived. It elected former Party leader Wladyslaw Gomulka, who was fired and then hailed as a "Tito" during Stalin's reign, to full membership in the Committee.

### Session Adjourns

Gomulka was later proposed for election as one of five secretaries of the Central Committee. But the session broke up as soon as the Khrushchev delegation arrived.

The Russians, instead of attending the Central Committee meeting which had just opened, went into closed talks with a special group of Polish leaders. Gomulka was among them, along with present Party First Secretary Edward Ochab and others.

The backdrop of Khrushchev's sudden arrival was a very tense city.

Warsaw possessed a veneer of calm on the streets today, but inside the factories and homes the air was electric.

Poland was caught up in suspense awaiting the decisions of the Party meeting.

A meeting of students was to take place at Warsaw University tonight.

In this atmosphere, there was no announcement of the arrival of Khrushchev and Molotov over the radio (up till 7 p.m. GMT) nor in the afternoon newspapers.

nor was there any official announcement to the foreign press, neither of the arrival nor of the purpose of the mission.

But well-informed circles here said the Russians were opposed to the state of candidates for top leadership in the Party.

A committee of 11 members of the ruling Politburo which was named tonight did not include the name of Marshal

### China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of today's feature highlights:

P. 5: Group Captain Peter Townsend's story... "I feel today as I felt in my first air battle." The problem of dealing and caring for the deaf, by J. Wilkie.

P. 6: The Two Worlds of Arthur Miller, by Thomas Wiseman. New Struggle for power in Taurier, by Donald Edgar.

P. 7: Trouble looms in an island paradise where all the people have the same name by Jack Ferrel.

P. 8: Cyril Stapleton introduces "The Record Song Meter." Also the top ten records of the week. William Hickey.

P. 9: The contradictions of Harold Macmillan, by J. A. Arncliffe. Montserrat Williams, by Stephen Gwynne.

P. 14: Bumper book page, featuring in the Autumn and Winter publishing season. Reviews by Charles Wintour, Nancy Spain and George Malcolm Thomson. Cartoons by Giles, Low, Cummings.

### Bulganin Sends A Message To Ike

Washington, Oct. 19. Soviet Premier Nikolai Bulganin today sent a new message to President Eisenhower.

The message was delivered shortly after 3 p.m. to Secretary of State John Foster Dulles by Soviet Embassy Counsellor Andrei M. Ledovskiy.

Ledovskiy's appointment was not announced at the State Department.

Ledovskiy refused afterwards to divulge the subject for any details of the message. President Eisenhower and Marshal Bulganin have recently exchanged notes dealing with disarmament.

Ledovskiy said through a translator, "I visited the Secretary of State to transmit a message from Premier Bulganin to President Eisenhower. Mr Dulles said the text will be translated and transmitted to the President on Sunday."

### NO COMMENT

The President is due back in Washington this weekend from a campaign trip to the West coast.

Ledovskiy said he told Dulles he would not comment before President Eisenhower is acquainted with the text.

It was understood the message was dated October 17. It apparently was several pages long in Russian.

The last known message in the growing correspondence between Eisenhower and Bulganin dated September 11, when Bulganin to the chief executive dealing with disarmament.

### BAN TESTS APPEAL

Bulganin made a new appeal then for halting atomic and hydrogen weapon tests. Bulganin said in that message that "discontinuation of atomic and hydrogen weapon tests" does not mean any international agreement on control because the present state of science and engineering makes it possible to reveal any explosion of an atomic or hydrogen bomb wherever it has been carried out.

Bulganin said Russia would consider an agreement between the powers on terminating such weapon tests which he said "would be the first important step toward the unconditional prohibition of these types of mass destruction weapons."—*United Press.*

### Aswan Dam Aid: Shepilov Puts Record Straight

Moscow, Oct. 19. Foreign Minister D. T. Shepilov said tonight that Russia at present is not considering financing Egypt's Aswan High Dam project.

Reporters at the Kremlin's Russo-Japanese peace treaty reception asked Shepilov to confirm Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser's statement that the Soviet Union is willing to assist Egypt in construction of the dam.

"We are not considering such a project," Shepilov said. But, he added, "if any proposal is made to us to this effect we shall be ready to consider it."

When asked when Nasser is going to visit the Soviet Union, Shepilov replied: "That depends on him."—*United Press.*

### EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS LOADED ON YACHT

Paris, Oct. 19. A French Foreign Ministry statement said tonight that "Egyptian soldiers in uniform" had loaded the Sudanese-owned yacht Athos, intercepted with arms aboard off the Algerian coast two days ago.

The statement said an inquiry into the Athos case "reveals that loading was carried out at Alexandria by Egyptian soldiers in uniform."

The Egyptian Ambassador in Paris was summoned to the French Foreign Ministry tonight, told of the result of the investigations and invited to seek explanations from his government as soon as possible.

French government leaders have long maintained that the Algerian insurgent movement has been supported from Egypt.

Tonight's Foreign Ministry communique said the disclosure that uniformed Egyptian soldiers loaded the "arms cargo was according to the testimony of the crew." Some observers here thought France would complain to the

## Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapier" RACE 1	By "The Turf" RACE 1
Southern Cross	Southern Cross
Pearl of Hongkong	Dona Maria
Dona Maria	Pearl of Hongkong
Outsider:—Desert Gold.	Outsider:—Queenpots.
RACE 2	RACE 2
Vingt Et Un	Vingt Et Un
Amethyst	Mercury
Mercury	Amethyst
Outsider:—Winnie.	Outsider:—Peach Blossom.
RACE 3	RACE 3
Glenahoe	Burning Arrow
Burning Arrow	Glenahoe
Adonis	Adonis
Outsider:—Chekupum.	Outsider:—Aladdin.
RACE 4	RACE 4
Night People	Night People
Jingle Bell	Jingle Bell
Silver Wing	Silver Wing
Outsider:—Strathairn.	Outsider:—Silver Wing.
RACE 5	RACE 5
Emperor Delight	Ma Cherie
Hammer Hill	Hawaiian Moon
Hawaiian Moon	Emperor Delight
Outsider:—Attractive Power.	Outsider:—Straight Flush.
RACE 6	RACE 6
Amnapola	Dilkooch
Many Returns	Amnapola
Quisette	Quisette
Outsider:—Applause.	Outsider:—Zerimar.
RACE 7	RACE 7
Chesington	Chesington
Eudora	Eudora
Helicon	L'Arc Triomphe
Outsider:—Can Do.	Outsider:—Can Do.
RACE 8	RACE 8
Good Girl	Good Girl
Matador	Matador
Rebel II	Sally Lahlia
Outsider:—Dutch Courage.	Outsider:—Atomic Caesar.
RACE 9	RACE 9
Our Pride	Our Pride
New Love	Invisible
Gay Site	Free Success
Outsider:—Sultan.	Outsider:—New Love.
RACE 10	RACE 10
City of Victoria	City of Victoria
Tell Me Tonight	Sincerely Yours
Johnnie F.	Amusement
Outsider:—Amusement.	Outsider:—Tell Me Tonight.

**TODAY'S TEASER TIP**  
for Race No. 2  
This one has obviously had its ups and downs

### Parachutist's Exploit

London, Oct. 19. A French Air Force test parachutist today was ejected at a height of 465 metres from a jet plane flying at a speed of more than 500 miles an hour.

The parachutist, Sergeant-Major Michel Tournier, came out of his exploit with a slight cut on the lip and a pain in the shoulder, where he had brushed against the fuselage as his ejector seat was shot out of the plane.

It was the first time that an ejector seat had been used at so low an altitude at such a high speed.—*France-Press.*

### Refuses Solatium

Paris, Oct. 19. The widow of László Rajk, ex-Hungarian Foreign Minister, executed in 1949 and since rehabilitated, has refused a government offer of 200,000 forints (about \$17,000) radio Budapest announced tonight.

Mrs Rajk has asked that the money, offered her by the Hungarian Justice Ministry, be placed at the disposal of state schools.—*France-Press.*

### PLANE CRASHES

Calcutta, Oct. 19. An Indian Air Force plane crashed today on the airstrip at Agartala, 200 miles from Calcutta. The three-man crew were killed.—*United Press.*

### MS ON YACHT

Tel-Aviv, Oct. 19. Mary Frances Hagan, convicted of spying for the Arabs, submitted today an application for clemency. The appeal went to President Itzhak Ben-Zvi.—*United Press.*

**This means DRAUGHT-PROOF VENTILATION**

The Xpelair changes the air, keeping the atmosphere fresh and pleasant while windows stay shut against noise, dust, draughts and cold. A built-in iris shutter prevents cold air blowing through the Xpelair when it is switched off. New attractive design now available. Easily fitted into window glass.

Prices from \$205.00

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# KING'S 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

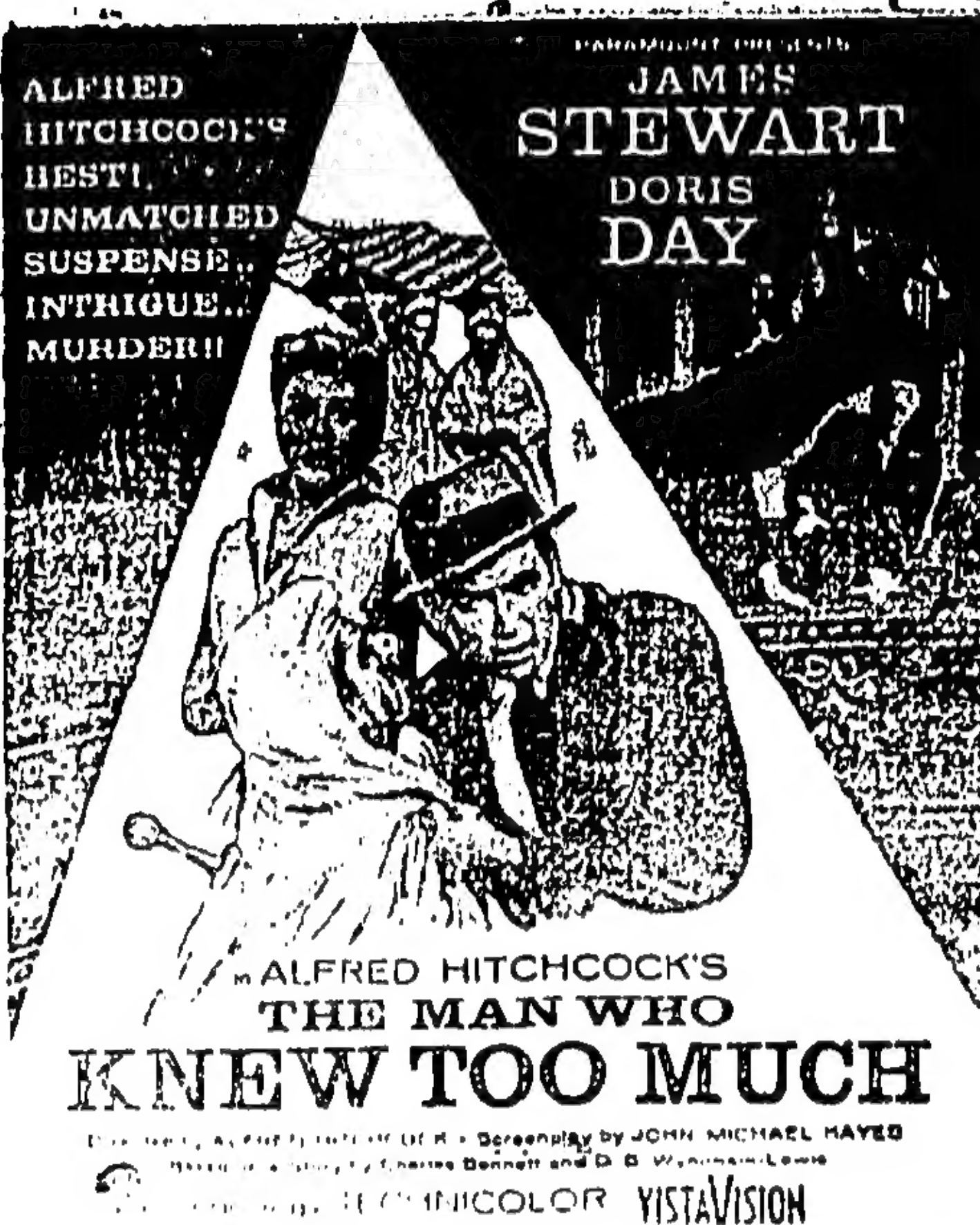
## "The Man Who Knew Too Much"

### EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 12.20 P.M.

# KING'S PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

**SHOWING TO-DAY**  
FOR 2ND BIG WEEK & STILL PACKING THEM IN!  
LIFE says: "A HAIR-RAISER"



**ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S BEST! UNMATCHED SUSPENSE, INTRIGUE, MURDER!**

**JAMES STEWART DORIS DAY**

**"ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"**

Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK. Screenplay by JOHN MICHAEL HAYES. Story by ALFRED HITCHCOCK, JOHN MICHAEL HAYES, and D. B. WILSON. Music by ALFRED HITCHCOCK.

**EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW**  
KING'S at 11.15 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.  
Variety programme of VARIETY PROGRAMME OF TECHNICAL CARTOONS. "PETER PAN", "DONALD DUCK" & TECHNICAL CARTOONS.

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

# CAPITOL RITZ

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



**Sunday Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.**  
Charles Heston in "ARROWHEAD" in Technicolor

**To-day Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.**  
Robert Wagner in "BENEATH THE 12 MILE REEF" in Cinemascope

Next Change "ARTISTS & MODELS"

# A Chinese Opera In English

## WAH YAN DRAMATIC SOCIETY presents

# GOLDEN BIRD

# (金雀綠)

Chinese Costumes and Scenery  
Chinese Costumes & Stage Traditions  
Chinese Music & Story

BUT ALL THE DIALOGUE AND WORDS OF SONGS IN ENGLISH  
PRODUCED BY FATHER SHERIDAN S.J.

# THE THEATRE

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26th  
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27th  
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28th

Each Night at 8.30 p.m.

Admission: \$10, \$7.50, \$5, \$4.70 & \$2.50

Booking at THE THEATRE and THE THEATRE BOOKING OFFICE, QUEEN'S RD.

# FILMS

## Current & Coming

### BY JANE ROBERTS

# Pacific Destiny

"Pacific Destiny" is an unpretentious little film that manages to be very funny in parts, with comedy coming from such an unlikely person as Michael Hordern.

Most people will have read Sir Arthur Grimble's book "A Pattern of Islands" in which a green young cadet posted to an obscure group of islands finds that most of his training and advice he has received must be replaced by plain common sense and tact.

Denholm Elliott makes the young man more naive than Sir Arthur must have been, but it adds to the humour of many of the predicaments in which he finds himself.

Michael Hordern is the disillusioned Resident Commissioner who makes his life uncomfortable for the new addition to his staff. In one scene where Denholm Elliott is a fit of misguided enthusiasm has dynamited his bungalow while trying to build a water tank he displays a talent for comedy I would never have suspected.

Light-heartedness was in the air on the day I saw this film previewed, but it is one scene alone made me believe more than I have done for many months in the cinema. The photography is excellent and the colour (by Eastman) stands far above that of many recent pictures.

# Fits Perfectly

It is a pleasure too to listen to the lovely voice of the Maori actor Irie Te Waka. Although this Coven Garden artist's part doesn't include any singing, as chief of the island to which Denholm Elliott is posted, he has plenty to do and combines dignity with kindness and humour.

A pleasant film, suitable for the whole family.

# Sentimental

Gaby  
I can't think why I liked "Gaby" so much. It is set in a prefabricated London. Leslie Caron, as far as looks are concerned, has nothing to recommend her, most of the

# This Week's Films

## In Pictures



James Stewart and Doris Day in "The Man Who Knew Too Much"



John Kerr and Leslie Caron in a scene from "Gaby"

supporting cast are of an acting standard that would make an amateur theatrical group blush, and the smug answer to the age-old question "should a woman confess?" is never in doubt for a moment.

Yet in spite of moments of intense irritation with the wrongs of the background and the complete failure to catch the spirit of London around the time of D-Day, the love affair between the almost unworldly French girl and the unworldly American soldier is a delicate thing that refuses to be shaken by the slap-happy treatment of the rest of the picture.

# 48 Hours To D-Day

The story of "Gaby" is "Waterloo Bridge" all over again. Leslie Caron is a French ballet dancer orphaned by the war. She meets the American paratrooper casually and after first repelling his persistent advances, suddenly changes. All this happens while he is on a 48-hour pass before D-Day. Their attempts to get married in the short time left are

receives word that he has been killed in the fighting.

Stricken with remorse that her puritanical upbringing had forced her to ask him to leave her flat on his last night, (the fuss was a little confusing—he hadn't really asked to stay, anyway) Gaby embarks on a series of confessions for the troops—missions that usually involve staying out all night.

Back from the dead comes John Kerr and Gaby is worse off than before, for now she feels she can neither tell him the truth about her descent from virtue, nor marry him.

Some wise and worldly advice is given her by John Kerr's aunt, but she disregards it and

tells all I won't spoil the ending by giving it away, although I'm afraid that from the moment of the paratrooper's return is only too obvious what it will be.

# Lanza Film

# Serenade

This long awaited film which cynical Hollywood observers predicted would never be finished due to the temperament of the star, is at last upon us.

Because of the arrival of two new films yesterday instead of the previous day, as had been scheduled, it has only been possible to see one before going to press. "Gaby" was my choice, as "Serenade" will probably run for at least two week-ends.

It seems strange that a film with the gentle-sounding title "Serenade" should have been based on a story by the hard-hitting, sensation-exploiting writer James M. Cain, and it will be interesting to see how the makers evade the scissors of the censor.

The story concerns the rise to fame of an obscure tenor, his infatuation for a wealthy woman who collects celebrities and as quickly drops them, his disillusionment when her latest coil and his eventual reclamation of the daughter of a Mexican bullfighter.

It sounds pretty lurid, but if Mario Lanza's voice has the capacity to thrill you, it will be impossible to complain of the singer's ruggedness in "Serenade". In the original he has 16 songs!

Coupled with the popular appeal of Mario Lanza, the picture also features a Latin lover, Sarita Montiel, who has collected the usual "most beautiful..." descriptions accorded a pretty girl who it is hoped will bring in a lot of money for her employers.

The veteran, if one may be so ungallant to the still lovely sister of Olivia de Havilland, a Joan Fontaine. With her long screen experience she must have been a great help to the two comparative newcomers Mario Lanza and Sarita Montiel.

# About Films

Hollywood.  
Columbia Pictures have announced the signing of a deal with Dino de Laurentiis, producer of "War and Peace", for his personal production of "The Sea Wall". The film will go before the cameras in January in Indo-China, with a cast headed by Silvana Mangano, who is Mrs de Laurentiis in private life; Anthony Perkins, young star who has been hailed for his performance in "The Friendly Persuasion", and three additional top-ranking American stars whose names will be announced shortly.

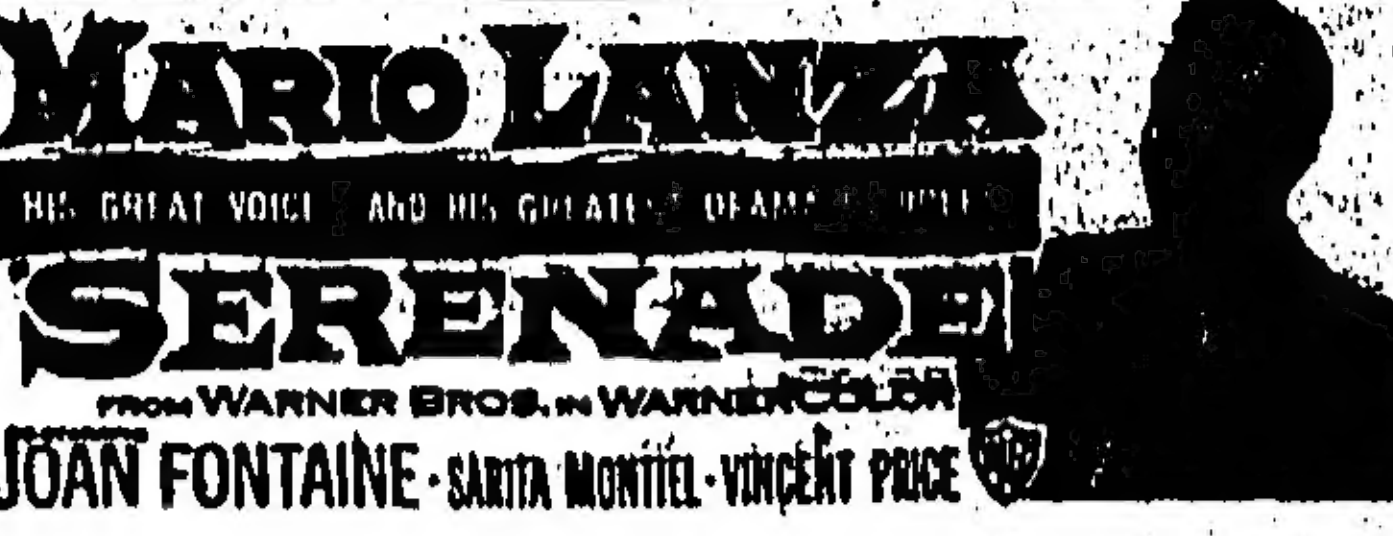
The film, an original screenplay by Irwin Shaw, will be directed by René Clément, leading French director.

Hollywood.  
Gene Barry, who has been set as the male lead opposite Valerie French in the Roman production "The 27th Day", which director William Asher currently has before the cameras, with Helen Anderson producing.

Barry, who recently completed a co-starring role in "Back From Eternity" at RKO, is seen in "The 27th Day" as an American newspaperman who becomes involved in attempts of another planet to communicate with Earth.

# QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

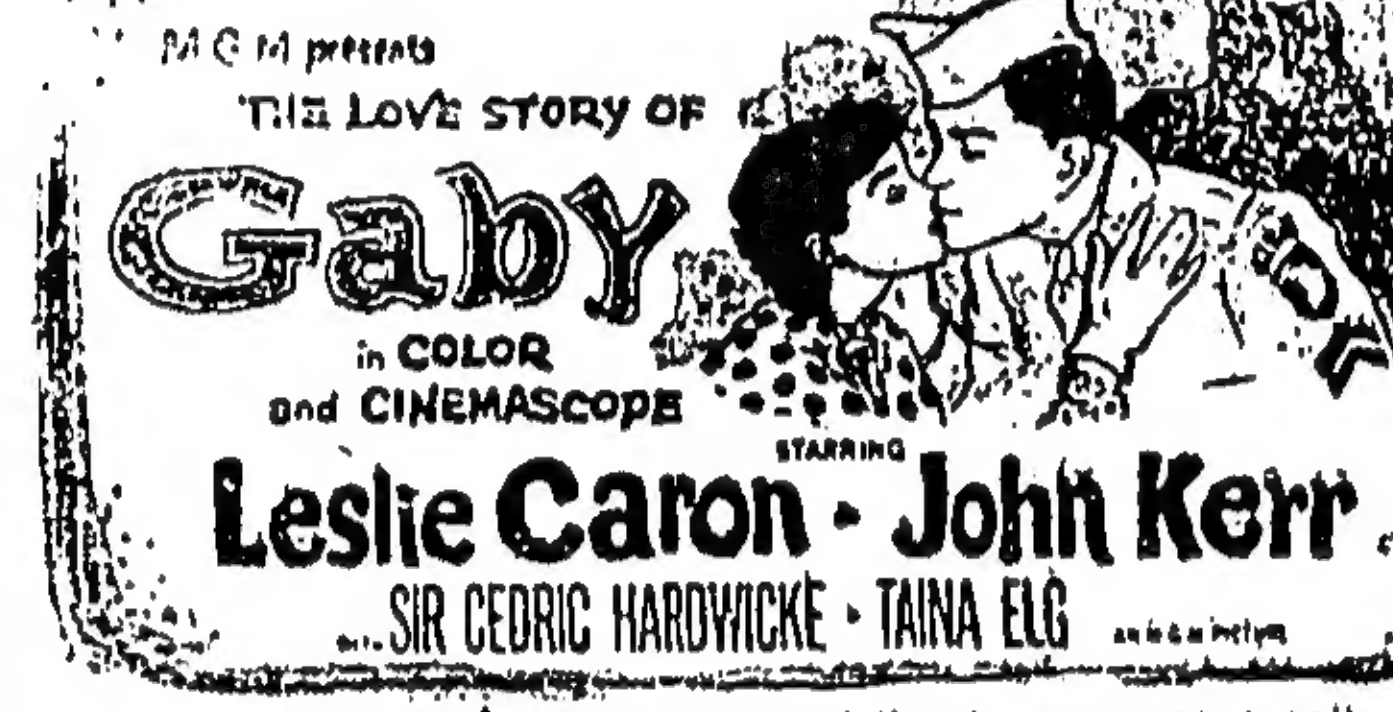
★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★



— QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA —  
**5 SHOWS TOMORROW**  
**"SERENADE"**  
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

# HOOVER: LIBERTY

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WITH PERSPECTA STEREOPHONIC SOUND  
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HOOVER 11.30 a.m. LIBERTY 12.00 noon  
"THE KING'S THIEF" "ROGUE COP"  
Ann Blyth Robert Taylor

# BOX & BROADWAY

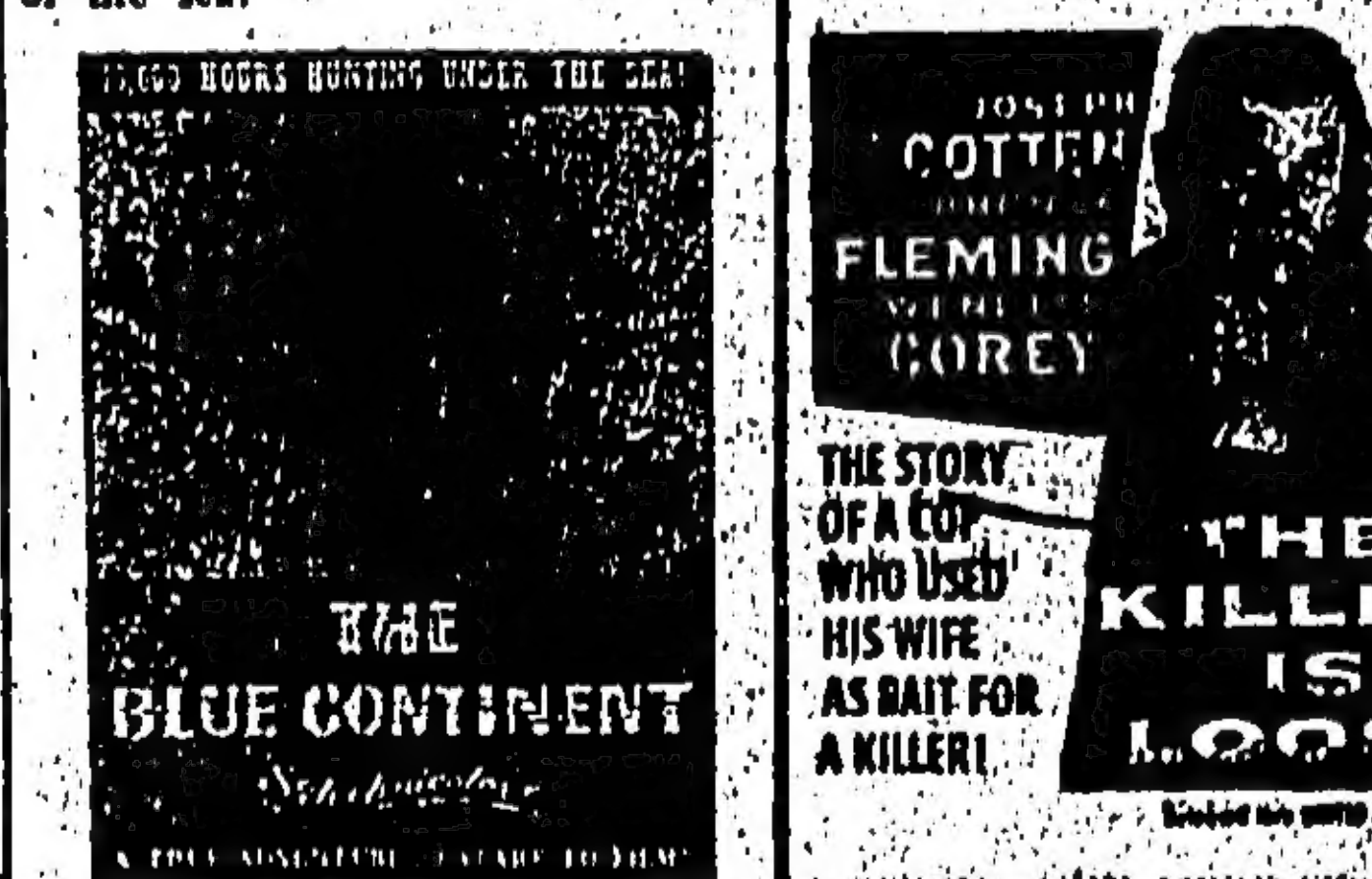
Grand Opening To-day At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



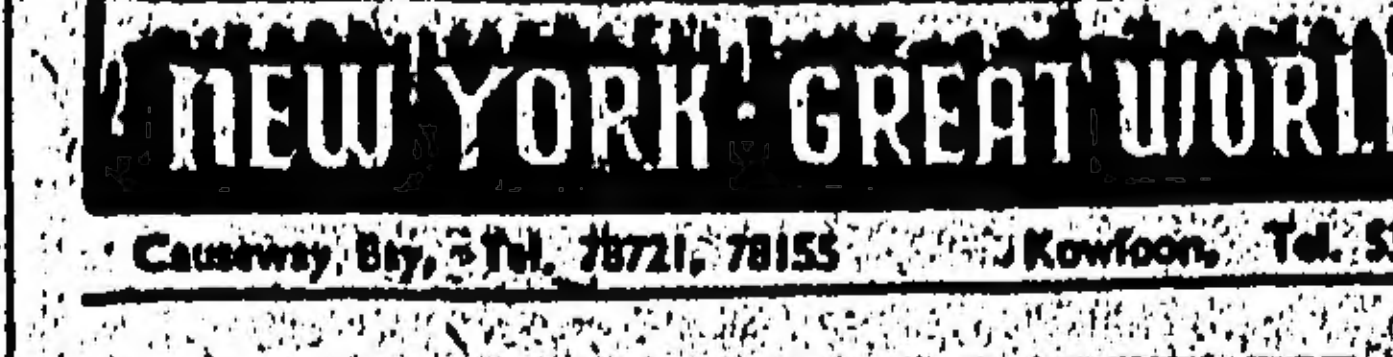
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon  
20th Century-Fox presents  
A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICAL CARTOONS  
Reduced Admission — \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

# ORIENTAL Majestic

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30, & 9.30 P.M.  
See the secret & perilous adventures of the sea!



TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



# NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

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**TO-DAY ONLY**  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
Martina Carlo  
"LUCRECE BORGIA"  
In Technicolor

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Cinemascope & Colour  
Admission: \$1.70, \$1.20, \$1.00, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.  
NEW YORK: BENEATH THE JAMAIL REEF  
GREAT WORLD: KING OF KINGS



## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## Now 'Mustard Gas' To Treat Cancer

A form of the mustard gas used in World War I is being given to patients undergoing surgery for cancers which spread by way of the veins, three University of Illinois scientists reported.

They told the 42nd clinical Congress of the American College of Surgeons of "encouraging" results from the use of the drug, nitrogen mustard, on rats.

The doctors are Ernesto Cruz, Gerald McDonald, and Warren Cole. All are in the Department of Surgery of the University of Illinois, College of Medicine.

## 45 Have Had It

The drug has already been administered to 45 cancer patients, operated on for removal of tumors from breast or stomach.

The study, the researchers said, was to test the mustard gas on rats, to see if it could be used to treat cancer in humans.

"There is no way to account for the poor results in cancer surgery," Dr. McDonald said.

"We will find that surgery is the main way to cure cancer, but we must have a better way to do it," he said.

Dr. McDonald said it was hoped the present 50 to 60 patients would be treated with mustard gas, and that the results would be compared with those of other treatments.

## Another New Drug

Four Buffalo, N. Y., scientists reported that a new cancer drug had achieved "spectacular" results in several patients with advanced breast cancer.

The drug is called TSPA (Tetracycline-Phosphoramide) and is given by vein.

One patient, the wife of a physician, had extensive spread of cancer to the abdomen and liver. She had failed to respond to ovariectomy and was considered to be dying.

Three weeks after being given TSPA, she was discharged from the hospital and has resumed many of her normal activities. The remission has lasted three months so far.

The report was presented by Drs. George Moore, William Weber, Tompkins Watson, and Arturo Beltrami of the Roswell Park Memorial Institute, N. Y.

The surgeons warned, however, that the drug was quite toxic. Three patients who received it died as a direct result of bone marrow depression and infection.—United Press.

## Natural Defence

Persons of normal health appear to have a natural defence against cancer and can throw

## WELL, WHAT IS YOUR HP?

Washington. The National Heart Institute has announced the development of an ingenious technique for measuring your heart's horsepower.

It promises to help doctors find out whether you're headed for a heart attack long before symptoms appear. And if you have had an attack, it will help to find out how much work your heart can do safely.

The Institute said the method should also be of great value in judging the results of particular patients' surgical operations such as bypass operations.

The new technique has proved to be successful on some 100 dogs and will soon be tried on human patients. It determines cardiac output or horsepower by measuring the force with which the heart drives blood through the aorta and into the blood stream.

## Above The Heart

A thin plastic tube, or catheter, is inserted into a leg artery, and pushed all the way up into the aorta or large artery just above the heart. Two small tubes inside the catheter continuously register the difference in blood pressure, difference between two points in the aorta while the heart is pumping.

The pressure difference is recorded continuously instantly, on a machine. From this record, the scientists can compute the heart's output at every instant in the cardiac cycle.

The technique was developed by Dr. Donald Fry, Alexander Mallos, and Alfred Casper of the Institute's Office of General Medicine and Experimental Therapeutics.

They said they plan to launch a human trial of the method within a few months—as soon as they have finished work on one "further" refinement. They "expected, however, that the technique has proved "reasonably accurate and safe."

## Locating Trouble

The method is expected to be invaluable in determining the ability of a patient's heart to withstand surgery, checking the effect of certain drugs, and in diagnosing such things as valvular defects.

Also it will probably prove useful in locating potential heart trouble in people where it may be suspected. But experts said it most likely will not be used routinely in normal people because there is always an element of risk—however slight—in running a catheter into the aorta.

Nevertheless, experts said the technique promises to be superior in many respects to the methods for measuring cardiac output which are now in use.

These methods—which determine output by measuring the extent to which the heart dilates oxygen or dye in the bloodstream—are considered rather inaccurate and provide only mean rather than constant and instantaneous values.

## Real Power

In addition, the new technique also can be used to measure heart horsepower during exercise as well as rest so as to provide a more comprehensive picture of the heart's real power.

If the human trials confirm the experimental findings, the new method is expected to be a major advance in heart diagnosis.—United Press.

## San Francisco.

off the disease after it attacks body tissue, an American cancer specialist said.

Dr. C. P. Rhoads of New York City said in a speech to the Royal College of Surgeons that a natural immune mechanism in the healthy human body may be a valuable ally in treating cancer by drugs.

This may operate in the same way in which antibodies against bacteria are an almost indispensable aid in their treatment by penicillin or other agents, said Dr. Rhoads, who is director of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research.

The physician described experiments in collaboration with the Ohio State University in Columbus in which cancer cells were injected beneath the skin of the forearms of 14 healthy volunteers from Ohio State Penitentiary.

A vigorous local reaction to the cancer cells was observed in all 14 cases, he said. Even in cases in which the implant was not immediately excised, it was completely sloughed off in a vigorous rejection reaction.

## Re-occurred

However, when similar experiments were made in volunteer patients who had advanced cancer, 21 of 23 attempts to implant the disease cells were successful. The implanted cells continued to grow until they were removed several weeks later, Dr. Rhoads said.

Even after the implants were removed, cancer re-occurred in four of the patients with advanced cancer in its final stage, the physician stated.

He said the experiments indicated that cancer cells, like bacterial cells, can be regularly observed in the diseased tissue, can be cultivated in pure form in the test tube or laboratory animal, and transplanted cancer in animals can be restrained, and even cured, by chemicals or drugs.—United Press.

## POLICE COPTER SPLASH

Paris. A Paris Police helicopter took an embarrassing bath in the River Seine last week while demonstrating rescue techniques for newsworld cameramen.

The Whirlwind, piloted by Colonel Jean Curie, was badly damaged, but the pilot and his rescue "victim," a reporter for television station Europe Number One, escaped uninjured.

The accident occurred as Curie was landing the newsmen after plucking him off a raft in the middle of the yellow-green waters.

While newsworld cameras whirled and early morning passengers checked approval, Curie landed the helicopter on the edge of a wharf jutting into the river.

As the newsmen was stepping triumphantly out of the craft, the copter, saving off balance, teetered on the wharf for a long moment, and then plunged ingloriously into the Seine, its whirling blades scattering water like a garden spray.

The pilot and the "victim" were able to rescue themselves by escaping from the helicopter as it sailed into the attack waters. The pilot was unscathed but spluttering. The victim received a light facial cut.

A land-bound crane rescued the helicopter.

## Or A Hare In A Chemist's Shop

Milazi. A harassed hare and a purring dog wrought havoc in a drugstore at nearby Sesana the other night.

The hare, chased by hunters and dogs, ran into the village, dashed into the drugstore and hid in a newspaper basket. One of the dogs ran after it.

By the time the dogs caught and killed the hare, dozens of medicines and bottles had been smashed.—United Press.

## HE TAKES PHOTOS 25,000 FEET BELOW THE SEA!

New York. Capt. Jacques-Yves Cousteau, undersea explorer, said today photographs have been taken at a record depth of 25,000 feet, opening up a new world for man to explore.

Cousteau said "dozens of new forms of life have already been spotted. Already some species are new to science for sure." He said the photos indicated there are just as many plankton, a simple form of life, at 23,000 feet as there are near the surface.

He said a four-month cruise in the undersea research vessel, Calypso, also indicated that the floor of the ocean is not always a plain of mud, as had been suspected, but that the photos showed rocks and large pebbles at some points.

An expedition headed by Cousteau to Equatorial East Africa was sponsored by the French Government and the National Geographic Society.

Cousteau said there was a vastness and beauty to undersea life forms. He said, "my biggest wish is to have national parks some day underwater."

He said the pictures at 25,000 feet were taken by the latest type of deep-sea electronic flash camera. The camera was developed by Dr. Harold Edgerton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

## Scientists Beat Red Heat Now

New York. Electrical equipment which can break through the "thermal barrier" has been developed. It was announced recently.

A spokesman for General Electric said engineers had produced the equipment after a long technical battle against heat produced by aircraft at high speed.

The engineers have built radiators, transformers, motors and other electrical equipment which can withstand temperatures up to 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit, as well as intense atomic radiation.

The company explained that with this development, nuclear-powered aircraft are nearer to reality as much of the weight used to shield atomic reactors may be eliminated.

Dr. C. G. Suits, Vice-President and Director of Research, showed reporters models of what he called "revolutionary" electronic circuits and devices which operate "red-hot" at "skin-sizzling" temperatures.

He showed how one circuit developed could pick up and amplify a radio sign even while the equipment was in direct contact with the flames produced by three blow torches.

The officials explained that the developments were made through experimentation with ceramics, the "miracle" metal titanium, and lead pellets the size of aspirins. A ceramic coating was played an important part in the battle against heat at the "thermal barrier"—heat so hot it can reduce glass to a milky puddle.

## SNAIL'S MEAL

Bristol. Citizens of this busy port are wondering if delivery of their mail could not be speeded up. The postmaster apologized to P. Nolan because snails gnawed holes in a letter addressed to him.—United Press.

## Shoplifter At Large

## SHE'S BEEN GETTING AWAY WITH IT FOR SIX MONTHS!

New York. Mrs. Mary Dragoti has been shoplifting \$300 to \$400 worth of goods a week for six months and hasn't been caught yet. This saddens her. She wants to be caught.

Mrs. Dragoti teaches salesgirls how to catch shoplifters. As part of the course, she wanders around the store seeing how many items she can snatch from the counters.

Then, in class, she confronts the sales personnel with the goods that have been taken from under their noses. She explains to them how she did it. Next week she comes back and does it again.

Mrs. Dragoti's training programme includes instructing the employees of the Hess Brothers department store in Allentown, Pennsylvania, in the tricks that shoplifters use.

The fact that she has not been caught in a theft yet is a tribute to her expertise. As a store detective for the last 10 years, she has mastered the wiles of shoplifting.

## WEARS A MASK

Mrs. Dragoti wears a face mask in class so that none of the pupils will recognize her as she wanders unmasked around the store doing her shoplifting duties.

What type of person does shoplifting? The housewife. Mrs. Dragoti says women outfit men 5 to 1.

However, during her decade of detecting, Mrs. Dragoti has arrested all types of people, from children to lawyers to clergymen. She caught two.

Both said they didn't know what came over them, neither did a very good job of it, she says. Amateurs, obviously. As for the professionals, they do some amazing things. In a New York department store, two men shoplifted a rowing boat. At another store, a shoplifter posed as a window display man, picked up a mannequin with a \$5,000 mink coat, and walked it from window to his waiting truck.

## PUTTING ON WEIGHT

But the common, or housewife, shoplifter employs standard methods which you may want to study. The most common device is the shopping

bag. You just get close to the counter and, working quickly, brush stuff into the bag.

The next most common method is what Mrs. Dragoti calls "weaving out." Thus: "You try on several skirts and then put your own skirt over it and walk out. This is good because there are no packages. You can take several garments; you just took a little heavier, that's all."

No. 3 method is the trick box. Use a box wrapped in tissue paper. The store uses and ties up as if you had bought something. Have a slit cut in one side, big enough to thrust folded stuff into. Hold the box by the cord with the slit toward your body. Work fast.

## EXTRA POCKETS

There are many other devices, such as extra pockets in coats, or putting shower hooks on a belt and hanging wet clothes on them, or sticking something in a pocket and taking it out.

This last involves taking, say, a \$5 price ticket and switching it to a \$20 item and paying only \$5. The guilty women "seem to feel this isn't actually stealing," just reducing the merchandise.—United Press.

## BOMBS AWAY

British. Potato pickers here ran for cover the other day when a Royal Air Force plane dropped a practice bomb near them for the second time in a week.

RAF officers gave faulty radar equipment as the reason why the planes twice missed their target by 13 miles.

After the first incident they promised "it couldn't possibly happen again." After the second they suspended practices until they installed new equipment.—United Press.

## MOTORISTS' RESPONSES NOT QUICK ENOUGH

Chicago. A neurosurgeon said today that the average person is not equipped with quick enough responses to drive a modern automobile—especially under emergency circumstances.

Dr. Emil Soltes of the University of Southern California School of medicine and a staff member of Los Angeles County Hospital, made the assertion at the 10th biennial Congress of the International College of Surgeons.

Dr. Soltes said he had treated more than 20,000 cases of cerebral injury and that the incidence of "man-made head injuries" are multiplying beyond belief.

"Our super-deluxe, block-long racing car of pink and lavender hues, instead of being a source of comfort and vanity, is in reality a potential lethal weapon—comparable to a pearl-handled macegun."

The result, Dr. Soltes said, is a toll of 40,000 deaths and one million disabled in the United States each year.—United Press.

WHAT'S IN A HAIRCUT?

London. Str. Anthony Eden's haircut shows "the potential irritability of one who resents his spell-binding activities not being understood," a barber said today.

It further indicates "a suggestion of conscious superiority," said spunk Mayfair hairdresser, Albert Saphier, in the British Barber Magazine.

Saphier also suggests Sir Anthony trim his moustache to "give an added air of firmness to a sensitive face." "Something more statesmanlike," he said.—United Press.

## Hitch-Hikers Got A Plane Trip Too

New Plymouth. Hitch-hiking has long been established in New Zealand as an economical method of getting from place to place, but it recently took an unexpectedly spectacular turn for two New Plymouth youths.

They were sitting on a bank outside a small North Island township when a passing motorist offered them a lift. He drove them to a nearby airfield and shepherded them into a top-dressing aircraft.

Twenty minutes later, the still-surprised hitch-hikers were stepping out on to the tarmac of a township nearly 50 miles away.—China Mail Special.

## He Took A Taxi

Rome. "Take me to London," said the man who hopped into Antonio Mazzoni's taxi here.

Mazzoni blinked at the English traveller, Robert Gray. But he explained he was short of lire, but could pay in pounds when he got back to Britain.

So Mazzoni drove his taxi a total of 1,400 miles and collected a fare of about \$100.—United Press.

## Jellyfish Beat A Sub

Auckland. Jellyfish got the better of the British submarine Thoroph in the Tasman Sea, and forced her to surface.

Thoroph arrived in Auckland one night from exercises with New Zealand frigates.

Jellyfish blinded the periscope and closed the speed-recording apparatus beneath the submarine.

A full-speed sprint underwater failed to clear the periscope and the submarine had to surface.

Jellyfish were found, resembling the lumping wire running from bow to conning tower and back to the stern.

"I have never seen anything like it," the captain, Lieutenant-Commander R. C. M. Mason, RN, said later.

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HIS Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh at his inspection of the 1st Battalion, The Welsh Guards, at Chelsea Barracks. The Duke pinning the Meritorious Service Medal on Lieut/Quartermaster A. Rees for 22 years' meritorious service in the Regiment. (Army News)



WELSH boxer Dai Dower, holder of the British and Empire flyweight title, pictured after he had been issued with Army kit from the quartermaster's stores on entering National Service. He will have to do Army service for two years, and his fans are wondering how this will affect his boxing career. (Express)

## HOMESIDE PICTORIAL

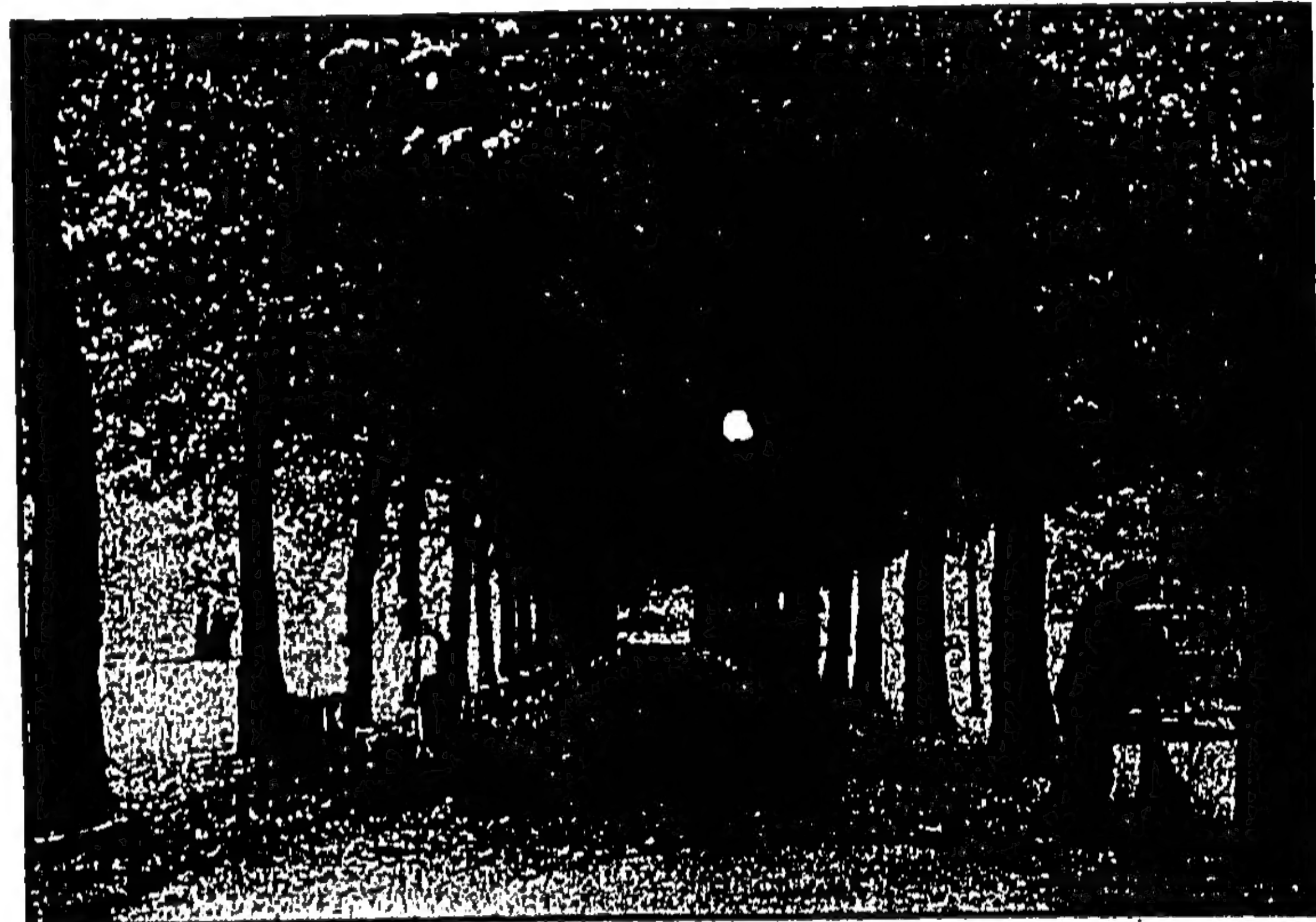


PEOPLE thought that Prince Hal, 14-year-old mount of crack British show jumper Pat Smythe, was finished, but they were wrong. For the gelding has started training again after a fall last month. (Express)



TWO Welsh spinster sisters — Nellie and Gladys Roberts, of Conway—go down to the riverside every day with the mussel men to collect mussels. It's a family tradition. Here is one of the sisters at work. (Express)

RIGHT: Autumn comes to London. October in the metropolis means a busy time for the park keepers and sweepers. Our picture shows them clearing the dead leaves in Hyde Park. (Army News)



BELOW: Gilbert Bloomfield, who was spotted in a children's talent contest at a Yarmouth camp, makes friends with Julie, the orang-outang from Borneo, at the London Zoo. Gilbert was taking part in a children's broadcast from the Zoo. (Army News)

BELOW: This girl's unique—she wants to look older. We said—older! Attractive Gosforth (Northumberland) housewife Mrs Marie Briens, who is 23, pictured here with her two-year-old son, is tired of being taken for a girl of 15. She has been turned away from cinema shows "forbidden to under 16s." So she went into a beauty salon the other day and asked: "Please, can you do something to make me look older?" (Express)



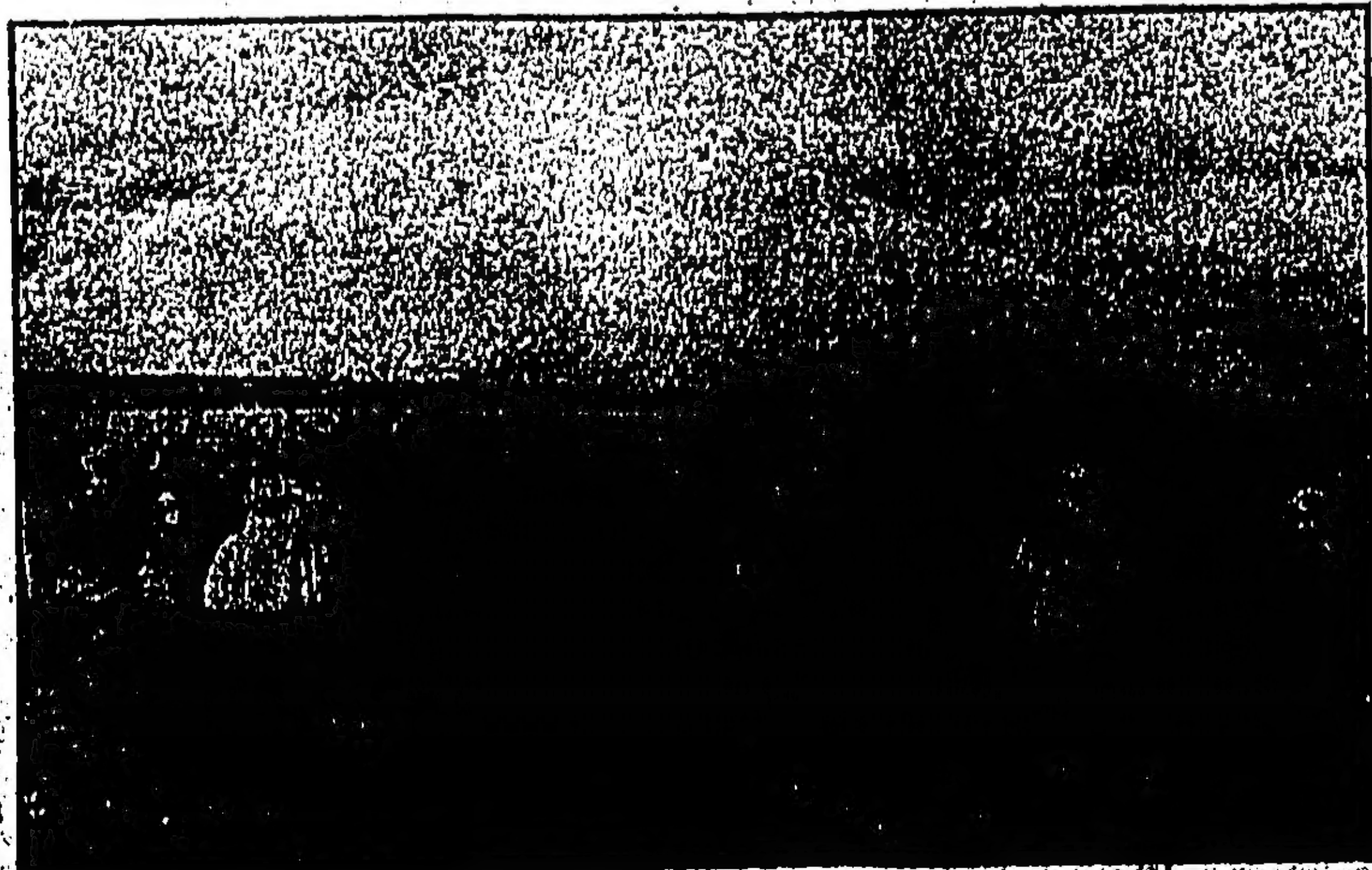
LEFT: Michael Simon, 24-year-old stepson of British milk millionaire Walter Nell, and model Joanne Harrington, 20, who were married last month, have separated. Mrs Simon, pictured here, flew back to London from their Paris honeymoon, and told reporters: "I have seen a solicitor and he is issuing a petition for divorce." (Express)



RUSSIAN seamen startled dancers at the tiny hall of St Crispin's in Christ Church in London by doing the rock 'n' roll. Here, Sashay Pezvuashin rocks with London lass Linda Fields. The sailors said young Russians like rock 'n' roll back home. (Express)

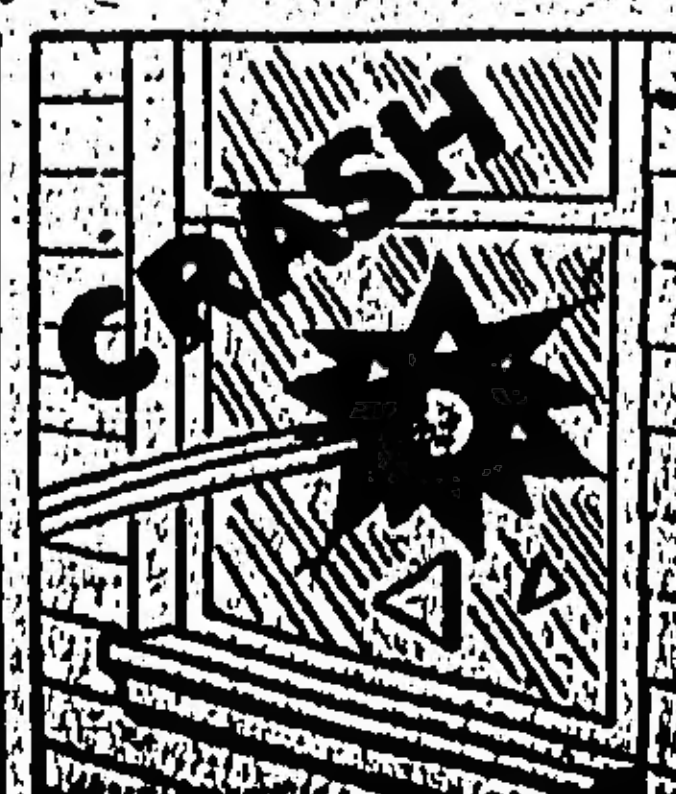


THE arrival of a 13-year-old Polish boy in London spells new hope for people trying to leave from Curtain countries. Yan Mostowy, 45, has been trying to get his son out for eight years. Here is the boy, Richard, reunited with his father in England. The father last saw the boy when the latter was three months old. (Express)



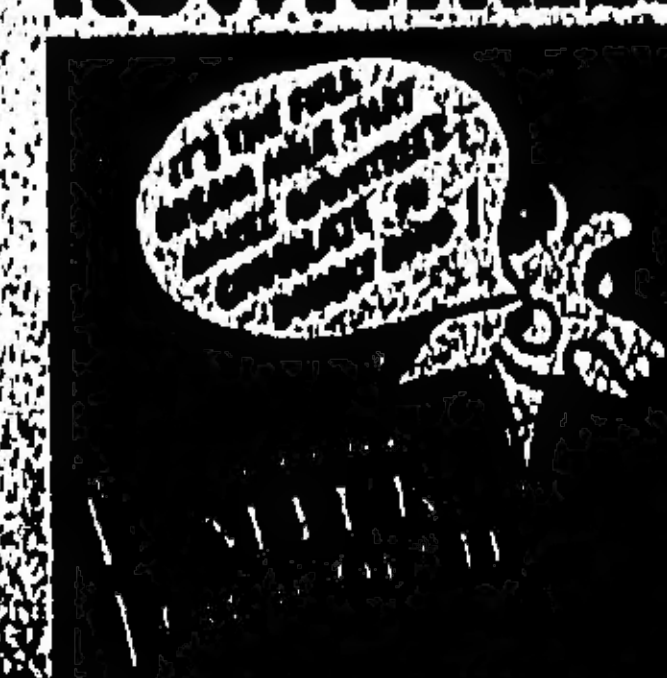
THE Royal Artillery winter trials held at Knighton Downs, Salisbury Plains. A general view of the fair event showing a pair coming over the course watched by the crowd. (Army News)

### NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

### ROWNTREES





## NONE CAN GUESS AT THIS SILENCE

By J. WILKIE

THE resident superintendent of an association for the aid of the adult deaf and dumb tells me that, even after all his experience, he cannot comprehend deafness himself.

Blindness, he points out, is a different story. We can feel what perpetual darkness might be like by blindfolding ourselves, but a world of total, unyielding, uncompromising silence is a world the average person cannot feel.

But those who do feel it, because of some congenital abnormality, or illness in childhood or later life, do not want sympathy. It is help they need—skilled, understanding, but not sentimental, help.

The deaf must not be content to learn to live without sound; they must learn how to substitute for it. They must learn to adapt themselves to a situation which the hearing person can never really grasp.

The education of the deaf, like so many modern minor miracles, has become a mere categorical series of day-to-day events to those who do not have to undergo it.

### Silent Schoolroom

BUT to those who have to learn in a silent schoolroom, to those who teach them, and to those who help the deaf after their schooldays, it is not quite so simple.

Present-day methods of teaching lip-reading and, later, speaking—may make a "welfare officer" for the deaf appear unnecessary. But lip-reading is not infallible. Many groups of sounds employ the same lip movements. The "listener" must often guess from the context.

This is all very well in casual conversation. In courts of law, however, or in hospitals, or in business discussions, guessing will not do. There must be an interpreter.

And lip-reading depends on good light and tireless concentration; whereas social activities are more often than not conducted in the evenings. Cinemas, theatres, even dances, for example, do not provide that light—nor, usually, the mood for concentration.

Normal people become impatient; they forget they do not understand. And the deaf are left out; they feel "isolated." Employers are often reluctant to accept the responsibility of deaf people; but the deaf must live. They are generally as capable as the normal hearing man or woman. They must be "sold" to their jobs through understanding, explanation, and, again, interpretation.

### An Interpreter

THE superintendent whom I have mentioned told me of these problems when I went to see him at his headquarters. And he told me how he, his mother, and his assistant (deaf himself, and working for a social welfare diploma) act as visitors, "salesmen," and social and religious helpers to deaf adults in his area.

The superintendent alone acts as interpreter when necessary. "Fortunately," he said, "I don't get many cases of interpreting in courts of law. I work for a law-abiding community," he added with a smile.

"In actual fact," however, he went on, "when court cases do crop up, I think they are the most interesting side of my work, although perhaps the most difficult. Deaf people have a limited vocabulary, and you cannot substitute words in court. You must somehow convey the actual word used by counsel."

He showed me over the large, four-square, rather forbidding-looking house which constitutes the association's headquarters. There is nothing forbidding about it inside; the chapel alone, unexpectedly situated in a large converted drawing-room on the left of the hall, makes it immediately friendly. To this chapel deaf people in his district flock for Sunday services every week.

He described the chapel to me as "our pride and joy."

### A Bond

LATER he showed me the recreation room with television set, billiard tables, facilities for sports.

Incidentally, his family have been superintendents of this association for three generations. He tells me, he never thought he would follow the family tradition; he did not think he had the patience.

But, nevertheless, I have heard it said of him that he was the undisputed friend of the deaf. It would be little short of a miracle if the bond between him and his people is the strongest that can be.



"Listen, Dai. When we've got them nicely tied up on Suez, Cyprus, wages, cost of living, you stand up and start hollering Home Rule for Wales."

## PETER TOWNSEND'S PERSONAL STORY



AS I sit here in Brussels writing, autumn is already here. It is early this year and in the Avenue Louise the chestnut trees are already turning colour. A boisterous wind is tearing off their leaves and scattering them in the street.

It is only three weeks or so before I leave this bustling, amiable city which I have come to love. Time is slipping by so fast that I sometimes fear I shall not get everything ready before I start.

The main plans are made but there are still heaps of odd things to do.

### A Bond

The doctor and I have had quite a business sitting in his programme of inoculations with my programme of events, so that I don't arrive with a sore arm and a high fever to ride a race or eat a farewell dinner. I have been filled with the dead microbes of unthinkably diseases—plague, cholera and yellow fever with smallpox, typhoid and diphtheria to boot.

Group Captain Townsend leaves Brussels this week on the first stage of his world tour. Watch the China Mail for his articles describing the journey, the first of which is expected later this month.

I shall, of course, have a medicine chest in the car, and this I have still to pick up in London from kind Mr Wrigley of the Wellcome Institute, who is being good enough to pack it full of all the things I may need. Apart from antiseptics, bandages and various kinds of pills, including some for malaria, there will be some snake serum. I don't know which are worse, snakes or spiders. I shrink at the thought of either, but in South Africa they laugh at you if you say you're frightened. Perhaps I shall feel that way by the time I get there.

I have thought a lot about taking a gun, and the people who have expressed an opinion on the subject are divided sharply on the pros and cons. The pros

back their argument on the need for self-defence, but gun or no gun, I don't imagine I should be a match for a band of well-armed brigands. I think the likelihood of running into one is remote, but if I do I shall have to surrender. The cons say that you are more likely to be attacked if the brigands know you have a gun—it is the gun, not you, that interests them.

Moreover, a gun always raises difficulties when you have to pass through customs. At the moment, I think it better not to take a gun. It would be fun, I admit, to shoot a buck or antelope now and again, but it may well be an invitation to a lion to come sniffing round the car when I put up for the night in the wilds, and I am not too keen for that.

It hasn't occurred to me that the question of food is a particularly difficult one. I don't have to take food with me. You can apparently get anything in a tin, these days. My wife will certainly like that, and I shall have to be a bit more careful about my diet.

themselves, and only need heating up. For the rest, I shall buy food as I go along.

Water is something more necessary than food, and in some desert regions the authorities will not let you pass unless you have a given quantity on board. I shall have a jerry-can with a special lining for water. It will hold five gallons, and I shall have a canvas bag in which I can keep a smaller quantity, which, owing to evaporation through the canvas, will remain fairly cool and drinkable.

The extra petrol tank has been built into the car, doubling it up to twenty gallons. Two jerry-cans are fitted on the roof of the car and these can furnish another ten gallons. Whenever possible I shall carry them inside to ease the load on the front axle, which already has to bear the extra weight of the winch.

There will, of course, be the usual set of car tools, including those plain and rather fearsome objects—tyre-levers. But I shall take with me other tools which I am sure to need—a folding axe, a saw, a spade, as well as

ladles—they have an outlook on life which is philosophical and serene. They have often suffered deeply, but now, in their old age, they see how it will fit into the pattern of life. In their wisdom and their kindness, they have a manner of imparting courage and hope to one who is still at grips with life.

### ★

One very dear unknown old lady has sent me a Bible. It is a beautiful one and I shall take it with me. The Bible, in King James's English, is surely England's greatest treasure. Like a poem or a masterpiece or a precious stone, you may not at first sight appreciate its value. But go on reading it and you will discover to what depths wisdom, love and beauty may go.

I often read the Bible and I can think of many passages I love. But it was not until quite lately that I was particularly struck with one. I don't think it is the most beautiful passage,

## Today as I felt first air battle

a marlin spike and a cold-steel chisel, which may be put to innumerable uses, and a jack knife to carry on me and a compass if I am lost. Also, a saw, a wheel-mate and a lantern, and lots of odd things which I have no doubt will increase in number as I go on my way.

The planning of this journey has involved me in a gigantic correspondence. I have had to rise early in the morning and work late at night to keep pace with it, while continuing with my ordinary duties. Besides the four fat folders which contain letters, diagrams and maps relating to the journey itself, there is another—the thickest of all. It contains hundreds of letters from unknown people in all parts of the world.

The first and one of the nicest, was one from a Cambridge undergraduate who said his parents who lived in Paris, would be pleased to put me up when I passed that way. But they are all nice, in their different ways, even those whose writers argue in the strongest terms that I should take them with me.

A boy from Perth—I like the Scots—pointed out the advantages of being only a boy. He would take up less room, he would be a kind of safeguard if ever I ran into any difficult political situations—no one would ever suspect me of involving one so young in politics and so I should be let off it as a charming, if glib, attempt to rid myself of the car. But when my answer had to be that I was a grown-up, I was disappointed.

A great number of these letters come from old ladies. I have a few more of them, and I have a few more of them, and I have a few more of them.



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# The two worlds of Arthur Miller...



The two worlds... Marilyn... and Brooklyn.

THE man who married a legend—and did not lose his identity, his surname or his temper—sat with me in the empty auditorium of the Comedy Theatre talking about his wife... and his work. Or, if you like, about Heaven and Hell. For his wife is Marilyn Monroe and his work is writing plays.

Any sort of writing is hell for the writer, but Mr. Arthur Miller's plays are also hell for the audience. They deal brutally with the darker aspects of life: incest, homosexuality, witch-hunting, madness and despair, suicide—Brooklyn.

What we talked about sitting in the darkened stalls was often sheer fantasy by contrast. The world of Brooklyn and the world of Marilyn.

I said: "Your life has changed recently. Is there not a danger that you will become cut off from raw material?"

"No," he said. "I will keep in touch with life."

by THOMAS WISEMAN

"In America," said Miller, "that scene wasn't even commented on by the reviewers. Here it's part of the reason the Lord Chamberlain won't allow the play to be performed in a public theatre. No, I wouldn't like to take it out. It's necessary, dramatically."

"...I don't know if I'll come to the first night... only if I can stand at the back. Marilyn will come. Somewhere. Marilyn wouldn't belong there—she is fantasy; she belongs in Ruritania, which is a long tram ride from Brooklyn. The scenes she was playing at that moment at Pinewood Studios with Sir Laurence Olivier in evening cloak as a Grand Duke and her in frilled dress as a chorus girl was more her mother."

Best thing

Was there any truth, I asked Miller, in the stories that there had been furious rows between Marilyn and Olivier and that he had to act as an intermediary? "Well," he said, "that shows you how these strange ideas get around. Why would I act as intermediary? That's all part of placing us in categories and the idea that Marilyn wouldn't be able to talk to Sir Laurence, but I would. About the rows, well, I'll tell you. If you asked any actor here at this moment he'd probably tell you he hates Peter Brook for something or other. For making him walk to the left instead of the right. The actor always thinks he knows better. "And if you had some idiot listening to that actor arguing with Peter Brook, it would sound like a hell of a row. Olivier is a wonderful director

and from what I have seen of the film I'd say it's the best thing Marilyn has ever done." Was there a play to be written by him, I asked, about his experiences since he married Marilyn? A biting satire on the film-world, a low-life view of the high life?

"No," he said. "I can't see that there's the material in that for me. I don't know much about the high life. I live pretty simply, you know, and that's how we'll go on."

Marilyn...

"Tell me about Marilyn," I said. "Do you approve of all this adulation she gets?" He said: "There has always been this sort of thing. If you show someone on the screen 30 times bigger than life, it's bound to happen. And in Marilyn's case—well, she's a very warm person who loves people, and I think the public senses that. "Sure, some of it is unfortunate—and unhealthy. Like flitting people into categories. Making me in all situations behave like the intellectual, and making her behave like Marilyn Monroe is expected to behave."

Bored

"Like the one we went to see those Brecht plays. The papers said Marilyn was bored and I had to explain to her what it was about because I understood German and Brecht. The truth is she was very interested and I don't speak German and she'd been talking to a lot of people about Brecht in New York and knew what it was about. "People who don't know us are constantly telling the world how different we are. Well, on the surface, it might seem a marriage of opposites. I don't mind being described as an intellectual—though I'm not sure what is meant by the word—and Marilyn is of course not an intellectual. But we are similar in many ways. We're both honest, for example... and..."

And there I think the similarity ends. (COPYRIGHT)

# EXCUSE ME, IS THIS AMERICA?

—asked the Bogus Baron, the captured German pilot who nearly got away with a top-secret Hurricane

by Kenneth Allsop

MORE than 30 RAF men winked themselves out of German prison camps and made the long walk home to Britain in the last war. Not one Luftwaffe man—nor indeed any German POWs—escaped from Britain.

But one got close to freedom; a jockey-sized Meerschmitt pilot named Franz von Werra, shot down near Maidstone in the Battle of Britain. Von Werra was a swaggering mixture of bravery and braggadocio, a phoney little cockerel but also likeable, intelligent and audaciously resolute.

An 'ace'

He was a line-shooter. On the flimsy ground of an ancestor's meaningless title he called himself a baron. On fictional claims of combat triumphs he was classified an ace. He lusted for publicity and audaciously acted the swashbuckling fighter-type. He kept a pet hen and wore a red jerkin. He got on magazine covers and was tagged "the Red Devil, Terror of the British Air Force."

In a backhanded sort of way, so he proved to be—for when he eventually escaped from Canada he took back to Germany a mint of information,

particularly about British interrogation methods. This is a fascinating section of an exciting book—the description of the wiles of the jigsaw experts who assembled scrappy details extracted from prisoners into war-policy. Physical pressure was never used. Results were obtained by devaluing the prisoner's morale, first by rigid cold non-fraternisation, leaving him to fester in loneliness and unhappiness, then by sly, devious questioning ranging from gossip to remorseless grilling.

Top-secret

Von Werra almost got away with a glittering prize—the latest top-secret Hurricane. In a musical comedy uniform, pretending to be a Coastal Command Dutch pilot, he bamboozled a posse of detectives, persuaded an RAF station to send a car to pick him up, wheeled through the suspicion of the duty officer, and was apprehended at the controls of the Hurricane about to take off.

Transferred to Canada, von Werra at last successfully escaped by leaping from a moving train. He crossed the frozen River St Lawrence and asked a motorist "Excuse me, is this America?"

While sheltered by the German Embassy in New York, he was quarrelled over at diplomatic level. When Washington seemed about to hand him back to the British, he

"THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY." By Kendall Burt and James Leason. Collins with Michael Joseph. 16s. 255 pages.

FRANZ VON WERRA

A... little... who... of his... subjects... to... in the... the... and the... to... a... of war.

jumped ball into Mexico and thence home.

In autumn 1941 on patrol over the North Sea he dropped to his death—accident "due to the pilot's carelessness." The little bogus baron was not an especially good pilot, but he did major service to his country. He had already delivered his carefully documented knowledge of the enemy.

This is the first escape story from "the other side." The authors found the only surviving typescript of von Werra's own account of his experiences. It was never published because the Germans thought it too pro-British.

The authors found it too provocative to be dependable; a highly coloured version of the facts. The story was reconstructed from research and interviews, a fine piece of detailed reporting of an adventure that might easily have been lost in the rubble of war. (COPYRIGHT)

# THE GENERAL PLANS A CASH COUP

PARIS NEWSLETTER FROM SAM WHITE

THIS month General Alfred Gruenther, Supreme Commander of the NATO forces in Europe for the past three years, retires from his post and goes back to the United States.

Back to what? Back perhaps to a government post that his old friend President Eisenhower may offer him?

"That," says Gruenther bluntly, "would not be the purpose of the exercise." And the purpose of the exercise, says Gruenther with equal frankness, is to assure the financial well-being of himself, his wife, his two army sons and his nine grandchildren.

He cannot do this on a U.S. army general's retired pay or the salary which goes with a government post.

He can only do it, he explains, by obtaining as many other U.S. generals have done, an executive post with a major U.S. business firm. This is precisely what he intends to do. Gruenther leaves Paris at a symbolic moment. The old aim of creating massive European armies to hold the Russians in the West has been given up and the role allotted to the European ground forces now is the much more modest one of acting as a "trip wire" to a possible Russian advance.

WELL PREPARED

SIGNIFICANTLY enough, Gruenther's successor is a U.S. air force general, General Norstad. General Gruenther has also stayed on long enough to see his cherished ambition of creating a West German army turn into a sour disappointment. The West Germans have now announced that they are only prepared to introduce 12 months' military service instead of the 18 months in Western Europe—a decision which has made the West Germans, formerly the darlings of the military planners, replace the French as the bad boy of the class.

These factors combined with the transfer of the bulk of the French army to Algeria and the changes in Soviet tactics, have all combined to make NATO appear something of a cold war relic.

In these circumstances Gruenther, a brilliant military planner, has felt keenly the frustrations of his job. He has devoted a great deal of his time to a role rather similar to that

of a "pop" speaker at what resembles an endless series of businessmen's conventions. In 1955 for example he gave his standard "off the record" briefing complete with dazzling diagrams, card indexed jokes and for peroration anti-religious quotations from Lenin to no fewer than 7,000 people comprising visiting journalists, politicians and groups of American businessmen.

This 57-year-old part-Irish part-German Roman Catholic American will leave behind him many affectionate memories for his warm informality and his zest and enthusiasm. Oddly enough Field-marshal Montgomery, who has often said he would retire when Gruenther did, still shows no signs of doing so and he will continue as deputy to the new supreme commander.

MATCHMAKING

THE engagements announced this week of two of the children of the Count of Paris represents something of a defeat for Queen Frederica of Greece in her role as matchmaker.

Prince Henri and Princess Helene have been guests of the King and Queen of Greece on the Mediterranean cruises they have organised for European and Central European Royalty for the past two years.

Despite this, Prince Henri's fiancée, Princess Marie Therese of Wurttemberg, was not a guest on any of the cruises. Her was Princess Helene's fiancée, the Count de Lambourg-Sturum.

Prince Henri is a political science student at Paris University and Princess Marie Therese, who despite her name is more French than German, had planned a career as a United Nations interpreter.

Her family is linked with the Bonapartes and the marriage represents in a way the union between the extinct French Royal Family of Orleans and the Napoleonic usurper.

Here by the way is a slimming tip from Henri's mother, who is the mother of 10 other children, and yet manages to retain an excellent figure. For lunch slice of cheese, a roll without butter, and half a glass of water.

MISSING CLINT

AMERICAN hostess, Mrs. A. James Langdon, Oxnore: I really don't like diamonds but without them I feel so drab.

NATIONAL TASTE

NOVELIST Francine Sagan: In America they like people who have made a success. In France it is just the opposite.

DEFINITION

THE Paris newspaper Le Monde on rock and roll: It is a meat grinder of rhythm. (COPYRIGHT)



# Tangier sees a new struggle for power

From DONALD EDGAR

Tangier is nearly as infuriating for an Englishman as it is at the other end of North Africa, in Egypt. Britain is one of eight nations running this free international port. Now that Morocco is independent the nations agreed to hold a conference giving back power to the Sultan.

But it was to have been a negotiated settlement and it was hoped Britain and the other countries would retain certain privileges in return for building up Tangier. But Sultan Mohammed ben Youssef, in a ceremonial opening of the conference at Fez, near Casablanca, made no mention of negotiation.

Little Return

All he said was that "we have deemed it useful to consult representatives of the Governments concerned" and talked of "exchange of viewpoints" and promised his "care and consideration" to the "other nations, British and American, French and Moroccan."

away their treaty rights and look like getting precious little back in return.

The purpose of the talks is to determine what part the eight nations will continue to play in the affairs of the 225-square-mile area, the richest section of the new Morocco.

Another phase of the struggle for world power is about to begin, with the American hand lying heavily on the land as it is in Egypt, on the other side of North Africa.

What is at stake is not just the colourful freedom of almost tax-free Tangier, with its refuge money and its refuge people. It is the role of the Arab world, backed by the United States.

Tangier became a pawn in the power politics of the Western world in the carve-up of Africa at the beginning of the century. France was then building up a vast African empire which took in Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria, and the Sahara. But over Tangier an international body was set up to protect the interests of all the powers involved: Britain, Germany, Sweden, Belgium, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the United States.

Since then France's North African empire has crumbled. There has been an upsurge of Arab nationalism, favoured by Egypt and Saudi Arabia, and of course by the Americans.

North Africa is dotted with mighty American atomic air bases. America's policy is the enigma. On one hand she wants to strengthen Morocco as part of her "anti-colonialist" policy. On the other, she has millions invested here.

Britain too, has many legitimate interests in Tangier. But it is not the struggle for world power that is worrying the 60,000 Europeans and 15,000 Jews who make up nearly half the population of Tangier.

Here there is no income tax and no questions are asked where the money comes from or where it goes to.

It is the clearing-house for deals in arms and drugs. On all these trades Tangier has grown rich.

If Morocco gains more power here that life of liberty, or licence some might call it, may end. For the new independent Morocco needs money. (COPYRIGHT)

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## A GHOST VILLAGE'S EXPORTS

By ALAN CARSTAIRS

PEOPLE who live only a few miles from Usan will tell you that it is a "ghost" village on which the "death sentence" was pronounced years ago.

When you tell them that jewellery is exported from Usan to the United States of America, they are amazed.

For months Usan had not had a stranger on its doorstep until I called there the other day.

Usan is in Scotland, not far from the east coast town of Montrose. The road twists out of Montrose for four miles and dips down to the sea. No signpost, nothing on the map, indicates the presence of Usan.

"There's nobody there," I was told. "Usan is deserted. And has been for years."

White-fenced cattle laze and loiter in the middle of the by-road. They poke discouraging snouts at my car.

### Roofless

Two minutes later Usan rises, like a ghastly apparition by the sea. The houses are almost roofless. They remind me of a row of men with their skulls off. Tarned shed, sand tipsy. There is not a living soul in sight. This might be a white man's settlement, but looks like the old days of the American frontier after a visitation by hostile Redskins.

But put your ear to the ground for a moment and listen. You may hear a terrible noise. Unearthly, the ghost village is rising. There is a clanging as of chains.

Yes it is merely someone drawing water from the old village pump. It is Ruby Dickson, who is eighteen.

"Do I get bored?" she said to me, denying my question when I located her and spoke to her. "What do you think? There used to be dances and concerts here. Now all that has gone."

Ruby picked up her pail of water—"Got to boil it now!"—and entered house Number 28. This is different from the majority of the others. Number 28. It has slates on the roof. Slates below the yellow moss.

Beneath this roof the Dickson family have lived for years.

### Six Families

"The village is condemned," says Mrs. Dickson. "There is no sanitation, no proper water system, no place to put up a stranger. But six families live here. There used to be thirty. The other folk left three or four years ago."

"The authorities have told us we are living here at our own risk. But they haven't found us another house elsewhere."

Mrs. Dickson runs the village shop. It consists of three shelves in a cupboard of her house. It must be the finest shop in all Scotland—perhaps in the world.

"Still cigarettes, lemonade, and potato crisps," she explains, "I took over the shop after the last owner left."

Mr. Dickson is another asset to this once prosperous fishing port. He works on a farm for a living and collects attractive stones in his spare time. American women wear Usan neckties.

Says Mr. Dickson: "My agetes go to Glasgow. There they are polished and sent to America in exchange for some of their stones."

On his doorstep he lays out earrings, brooches, necklaces, tops and cuff-links made from stones he has chiselled from Usan rock.

### Laid Out

"Unfortunately," he observed to me, "they don't fetch much. You can buy a necklace for ten shillings or so."

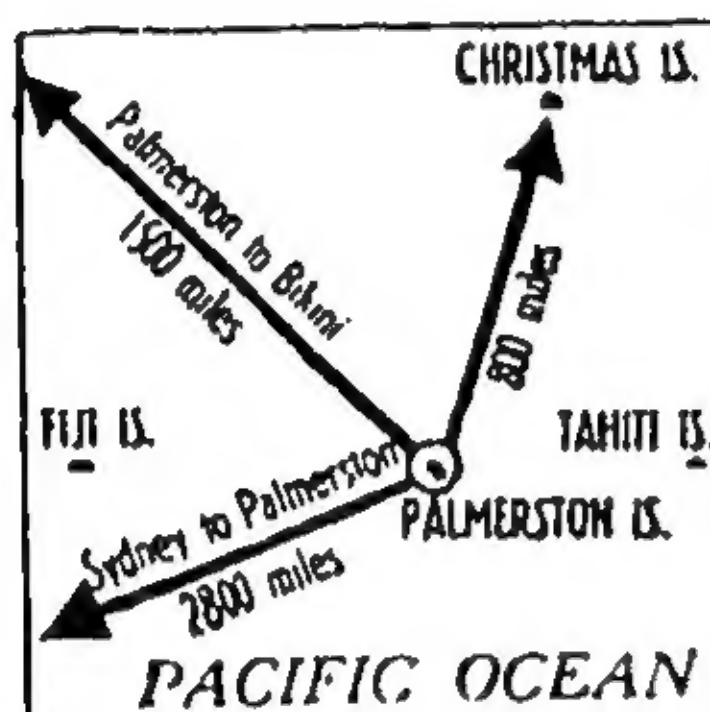
There is a coastal look-out nearby. There, Stair Officer Frederick Day of Her Majesty's Coast Guard surveys the arc of sea beyond, desolate Usan, as he has been surveying it for what has seemed an eternity. (Actually, he has only been there four years.)

Does he like it there? Mr. Day is not a lonesome Scot, but an Englishman from Devonshire, and he does not waste words. "No," he replies, and adds that he is beginning to think his name is not Frederick Day but Robinson Crusoe. He looks up at his TV set. "That's probably the nearest," he says solemnly.



Cummings

"... and tell the Press that he's simply in bed with a feverish chill"



## TROUBLE LOOMS IN AN ISLAND PARADISE

### AN EDEN WITH THREE EVES

OUT near the middle of the deep Pacific lies a tiny island of happiness — and fear.

On it live about a hundred men, women and children, all of whom have the same name for the perfectly good reason that they are all related to one another.

They are descendants of one white man and his three Polynesian wives.

They are coffee-coloured and the language they all speak is broad English Midland in a quaintly old-fashioned dialect.

I flew to the atoll a few weeks ago. It is Palmyra Island, the "kingdom" of the clan of William Marsters, whose descendants in various parts of the Pacific total about 500.

He was an English sailor. He settled there nearly a century since with his three wives and became, in truth, the father of his people.

It is still a patriarchal kingdom unique in the world, far off the route of white travellers, orderly, healthy, strictly ruled according to the edicts of its virile founder.

### They prefer to sing

On the Eden-like South Sea atoll there are hardly any diseases, seldom any crimes, no politics and no taxes—in fact there is no need for money.

But on the horizon of the community's quiet and peaceful life now lies a cloud—mushroom-shaped.

The inhabitants are suffering from an acute attack of nerves. They fear that the hydrogen bomb which the British are preparing to explode next year at Christmas Island 800 miles to the northeast, will set up a tidal wave which will engulf their idyllic little world.

The same fears, I found, are held by the inhabitants of many other low-lying atolls in that stretch of the Pacific.

Eyes in mountainous Samoa were in alarm. The Parliament of Western Samoa recently petitioned the United Nations to intervene against the Christmas Island H-bomb test.

Tide waves—and the rate of population increase—have something of the same effect that every child knows

effect are the islanders' only real worries.

When I flew to Palmyra Island I quickly enough saw the reason for such fears. The main island is only as high above the water as a ferryboat.

Members of the Marsters clan in the South Seas talked to me about an H-bomb. But they are essentially a merry people. They prefer to dance and to sing rousing old tunes in their monotonous dialect.

The man who started the Palmyra Island saga was born in Birmingham and took part in the Klondike gold rush. In the 1890's he turned up in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, aboard a whaler.

Later he worked for a South Sea trader whose headquarters were in Tahiti.

He was sent from Penrhyn Island to Palmyra Island with a native labour crew to

learn English. That is why the dark-skinned descendants now speak old Midland, with a slow drawl.

He also laid down his own simple system of law. Members of the three families were taught to respect their elders, and there was no serious crime.

There was no disease—probably due to the complete absence of flies and mosquitoes on Palmyra Island, and the fact that the island was well out of the trade routes.

### Over-populated his island

Occasionally schooners came to take aboard shell, beche-de-mer and cured fish which had a high market value in Rarotonga.

Marsters ordered a shipload of coconuts, and these were planted. When they began to bear it was not long before some of the "young bloods" concocted a potent brew.

The old man was a Methodist. The only challenge to his religion came from a roving young Marsters who returned to the atoll a convinced Baptist.

Methodism won out. Hymns like "Onward, Christian Soldiers" are still the clan's favourite work songs.

Intermarriage among the clan has apparently had no serious effects.

The men are virile and mentally alert, the women pretty and athletic—they can swing a copra bag over their shoulders and walk off with it as if it was no weight at all.

The old man's first son, William Marsters II, became the second patriarch and died in 1948 aged 84. The present boss is Ned Marsters, a lean, leathery islander.

He rules with cheerful firmness and his orders are seldom questioned. William, the First did not merely populate his island. He and his progeny over-populated it.

### Obedied orders to migrate

Today, in addition to the hundred living there, about 400 bearing the name and appearance of the clan are living in other parts of the South Seas, having obeyed orders to migrate when the numbers on Palmyra outgrew its yield of coconuts, fish, turtles and birds' eggs.

In each new island home the migrants appointed their leader and set up their code of law. At Aitutaki, this year I met two members of the Marsters family who had become home-riders and were seeking transport back to their native land.

They put up hard cash and were willing to pay their fares the whole way. They were from Palmyra Island, and were seeking transport back to their native land.

They were from Palmyra Island, and were seeking transport back to their native land. They were from Palmyra Island, and were seeking transport back to their native land.

come restless and decide voluntarily to see the outside world.

There was the epic voyage, for instance, of James Marsters and his sweet-heart Topou, who set out in a 16ft island-built cutter to sail from Penrhyn.

Six other islanders were with them at the start but these became frightened and dived overboard and swam ashore, leaving James and Topou with four gallons of water and 60 coconuts.

For 28 nights James jashed the tiller and went to sleep with Topou in his arms.

After they arrived at Hull Island, in the Phoenix Group 700 miles away, James was sentenced to six months' hard labour for scaling the boat, and Topou got herself another flame.

The clan holds full legal ownership of its homeland. The British Crown gave the patriarch a lease of the atoll in 1888.

When this lease expired in 1954 the "Pacific Islands Monthly" reported that the Cook Islands Act was amended to grant the atoll to the inhabitants except 10 acres which must be kept aside for administrative purposes.

But Palmyra is very small—a series of six motus (pieces of land) shaped like pancakes on a reef about 25 miles in circumference.

The motus are just out of reach of the sea, which creeps over the reef into the lagoon. You can circle it in a flying-boat in 10 minutes.

The main motu is less than a square mile in area. On it is what the inhabitants call "The Mountain," a mound of earth 20 feet high. In a hurricane the Marsters clan rush for the refuge of their "mountain."

Three times it has saved most of the clan from destruction.

In 1923 a hurricane swept some of the islanders into the sea. The survivors huddled on the hilltop for 10 days.

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William Marsters the First—the Patriarch who started it all!

### Refuge on a mound

Today throughout the Pacific you can meet members of the Marsters clan on a dozen Pacific islands. They are all proud that they are descended from one man and three women, and the rest of the communities are proud of them, too.

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## CARASPIN



## ZANIES



# Miss Deterding wants to get thin...

...SO SHE GOES

ON A SAFARI

ACROSS AFRICA

DRESSED in a black velvet housecoat, Miss Olga Deterding lay back on her Ritz suite sofa and talked of her plan to go on safari across Africa.

"I am bursting out of my Balenciaga suits and my Fathas don't fit. I simply must lose some weight."

Two other reasons why Miss Deterding, a fabulously wealthy heiress, is so fat-ridden are that she has recently undergone an operation removing all her toenails, and also broken her ankle on a Scottish moor.

"While I was convalescing I stayed with my sister in Cumberland, and I just ate and ate and I've put on a stone."

"Barbara Hutton drank coffee for a year and ruined her health. I want to get thin and enjoy it," says Miss Deterding.

So she will go on safari across Africa.

She first had the idea when she was sitting steaming in the Turkish baths at the Dorchester Hotel, hoping to lose a few pounds.

"Why not have the Real Thing if one wants it and can afford it? Why sit around in a boring Turkish bath when one can go to the jungle or desert?"

"Miss Deterding showed me an outsize map of Africa on

which her route was marked in red. She will travel from Tripoli through the Tibesti mountains, as yet uncrossed, to Lake Chad and the Congo. The Belgian Government has provided her with an official introduction to the pygmies. The law of the jungle is not so different after all.

Apparently they do not speak to strangers without an introduction, but when they do, their approach may be painful.

She will take one party dress bought at an Oxford Street chain store, in vivid shocking pink, "apparently the natives love bright colours and I suppose we might get invited to a party, or a feast."

Miss Deterding is also taking an assortment of kitchen utensils including a pressure cooker, a toaster, a tin-opener and a pair of nut-crackers.

"One thing we won't need is a frying pan. In that heat we can fry eggs on the bonnets of the Landrover," she says.

Gazelle will be their most likely meat. Miss Deterding has been scanning the cookery books



Olga Deterding... from Tripoli to the Congo.

for a recipe. But without success. "I imagine it is rather like venal, so I shall try blanquette de gazelle or perhaps gazelle schmitzel would be easier over a desert campfire."

Miss Deterding will have four companions — three young farmers on their way back to Kenya after a visit here, and Miss Lavinia Lambton, one of her closest friends.

"The men are all ex-soldiers and know their way about the desert," she says.

The trip will cost them about £200 each. "It should save me about £4,000. We shall be away from civilisation for about two months. And by civilisation, at this time of the year, I mean Monte Carlo, Paris and the winter collections, the London round of parties and Christmas shopping."

"I might easily spend that amount in that time."

And Miss Deterding went back to studying her map. (Copyright)

## William Hickey

### A ROYAL DOUBLE

LONDON. I PREDICT that two Royal Dukes will provide the painting sensations of next year's summer exhibition at the Royal Academy.

They are the Duke of Windsor and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Windsor portrait by artist James Gunn is now finished, but remains at his Hampstead studio. It was commissioned two years ago by the Duke of Windsor as an 18th wedding anniversary gift to the Duchess.

The Edinburgh portrait by Italian artist Annigoni, commissioned by the Filmings Company, will be completed in Italy by the artist in time for exhibition at Burlington House. The Edinburgh portrait is already destined for showing at the Academy.

The Windsor portrait may have to be approved by both the Duke and Duchess, at present in America.

If they agree, then artist Gunn is expected to include his Windsor portrait in a series of portraits which he submits to the Academy each year.

The Windsor portrait was painted in England and Paris. The artist has several times to Paris to paint the features, and I am told the Duke was "a good sitter," and gave the artist a lot of his time.

HELP!

WANTED by Mr. Alfred Leitcher, senior lecturer at Kensington's Natural History Museum—a sympathetic M.P. To take up the sad case of the natterjack toad.

What is THAT? Says Mr. Leitcher: "A little toad with a yellow stripe down its back, found on a few sandy beaches round our coasts. It scuttles rather than hops because its legs are so short. Its name comes from 'natter' meaning low-down and 'jack' meaning small."

"Britain's holiday habits are killing them off. With the development of premeditated, caters, beach huts and all that, the natterjack will soon be lost to us."

Does the "natter" matter? Says Mr. Leitcher: "It depends whether you have feeling for these things. I would like an Act of Parliament to protect them from being killed or collected."

"I have a bee in my bonnet about it, because the birds always get away with it in parliamentary Acts. People are so fond of birds. But can you see an M.P. standing up for the natterjack in the House?"

Maybe not—but what a chance for one of those learned discourses in the Lords!

### GROOM-TO-BE

THAT gravel-voiced slaughterer of the English language, ski-nosed Jimmy Durante, is taking unto himself a bride at the age of 63.

His first wife died in 1943 after 22 years of marriage.

The girl he calls his fiancée, 36-year-old actress Marjorie Little. He announced their engagement after opening a new club in Phoenix, Arizona. Date of the wedding: "Some time next year."

The room, Jimmy, is stupendous.

### "MOTHER"

NICE touch by India's High Commissioner Mrs. Pandit, when she gave a glittering reception for her newly-wed principal private secretary.

The 33-year-old bridegroom, Mariborough-educated Raja Surendra Singh, has no parents living. Mrs. Pandit followed an old Indian custom and received the 200 guests as his "mother."

The bride, 20-year-old Meenakshi Kumari Ahuja, daughter of Mrs. Pandit's medical officer.

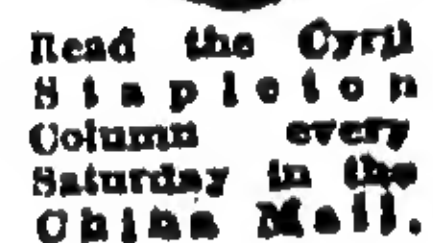
### BALLETOMANES

BUSMAN'S holiday for 180 members of the Bolshoi ballet last night—they went to the Soviet Embassy to see an eight-year-old British film. Title: "The Red Shoes." Star: ballet dancer Melva Shearer.

(Copyright)

CYRIL STAPLETON introducing—

# The Record Song Meter



Read the Cyril Stapleton Column every Saturday in the China Mail.

It tells a story which the wise star respects . . . .

PUT your cash away for a rainy day—that's my advice to all artists who rely for a living on the public buying their latest recording.

Why? Because their current hit might be the last they'll ever have. Even in the present world of show business, there is no audience as fickle as the one which buys gramophone records. Take a look at the recent past.

Last year Ruby Murray was a recording sensation. Every record she made sold by the hundreds of thousands. At one time, five out of the top 20 discs bore her name. Then the public stopped buying. For no apparent reason yesterday's sweetheart became today's jilted lady. She still sings and sings as well as ever, but the customers today are no longer impressed. At the moment they refuse to be coaxed into buying.

### NOT ALONE

And Ruby is not alone. Remember a Guy named Mitchell? Six years ago the coast registers clicked merrily for him, 43 hours a day. One after the other Guy Mitchell hits rolled off the production line. "Roving Kind," "She Wears Red Feathers"—and the rest.

His happy smiling voice and robust personality were almost as familiar to us as Liberace's candlestick. But now, some people just wonder what's happened to him.

Of course, nothing has happened to either Guy Mitchell or Ruby Murray. It is just that they are no longer "in fashion."

Look at Dickie Valentine. Six his last year. None this. Eddie Fisher, once described as Princess Margaret's favourite singer—now, better known as Debbie Reynolds's husband. And there is this list: Dinah Shore, Donald Peters, Ronnie Ronalds, Mary Ford, and Les Paul. I have not seen any of those names on a best-sellers list at any time this year.

They are singing sweetly and they still have a star-pull in public appearances. But maybe what they sing is not wanted at the moment—in records. Maybe it is just that they lack an extra, extra, extra.

But they can take solace from the fact six years ago you couldn't give a Frank Sinatra record away with a sample of soap.

Today Sinatra is back acclaimed as "the entertainer of the era." And, no, not Anne Shelton. Today she is No. 1 record seller.

So Ruby Murray and the rest can take heart—and in the meantime they can put their money in store for the lean years.

### ROCK 'N' ROLL

What has taken their place in the Top Ten? Obviously rock 'n' roll. It has become the biggest "Big Business" show business has seen for many years.

Elvis Presley's latest record, "Love Me Tender," has made history. Over a million hysterical people have ordered a copy before they've even heard it.

Nine out of the top 20 in Britain are rock 'n' rollers. Five of them are the work of Bill Haley and his Comets. His gross sale of records in Britain this year has been fantastic.

"Rock Around the Clock" alone has sold over 850,000 copies.

Now the Royal Family are taking an interest in the

### ONE YEAR IN THE LIFE OF— Dickie Valentine, Ruby Murray, Rosemary Clooney.

THIS SONG METER shows how three recording stars, Dickie Valentine, Rosemary Clooney, and Ruby Murray, fared in last year's hit parade. I have charted their ups and downs as their records appeared in the weekly Top Ten Table. And I have awarded points on this basis: 10 for first place, nine for second, and so on down to one point for 10th place. These weekly ratings have then been added to a monthly total. This graph plots their progress—high and low—in a year's recording. None of them has hit the Top Ten so far this year.

(Princess Margaret asked the film "Rock Around the Clock" Royal Marines to play some at Balmoral). rock 'n' roll music on her East African tour, and the Queen has seen by request the years from now it'll be as old

### JOHNNY HAZARD



### AS KITTY CIRCLES ABOVE THE CLOUDS, OUT OF SIGHT OF THE GROUND, JOHNNY'S PLANE JOINS HER...



### AND TOGETHER THEY STREAK AWAY TO A POINT OUT OF RANGE OF GROUND RECEPTION OF THEIR PLANE-TO-PLANE CONTACT!



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

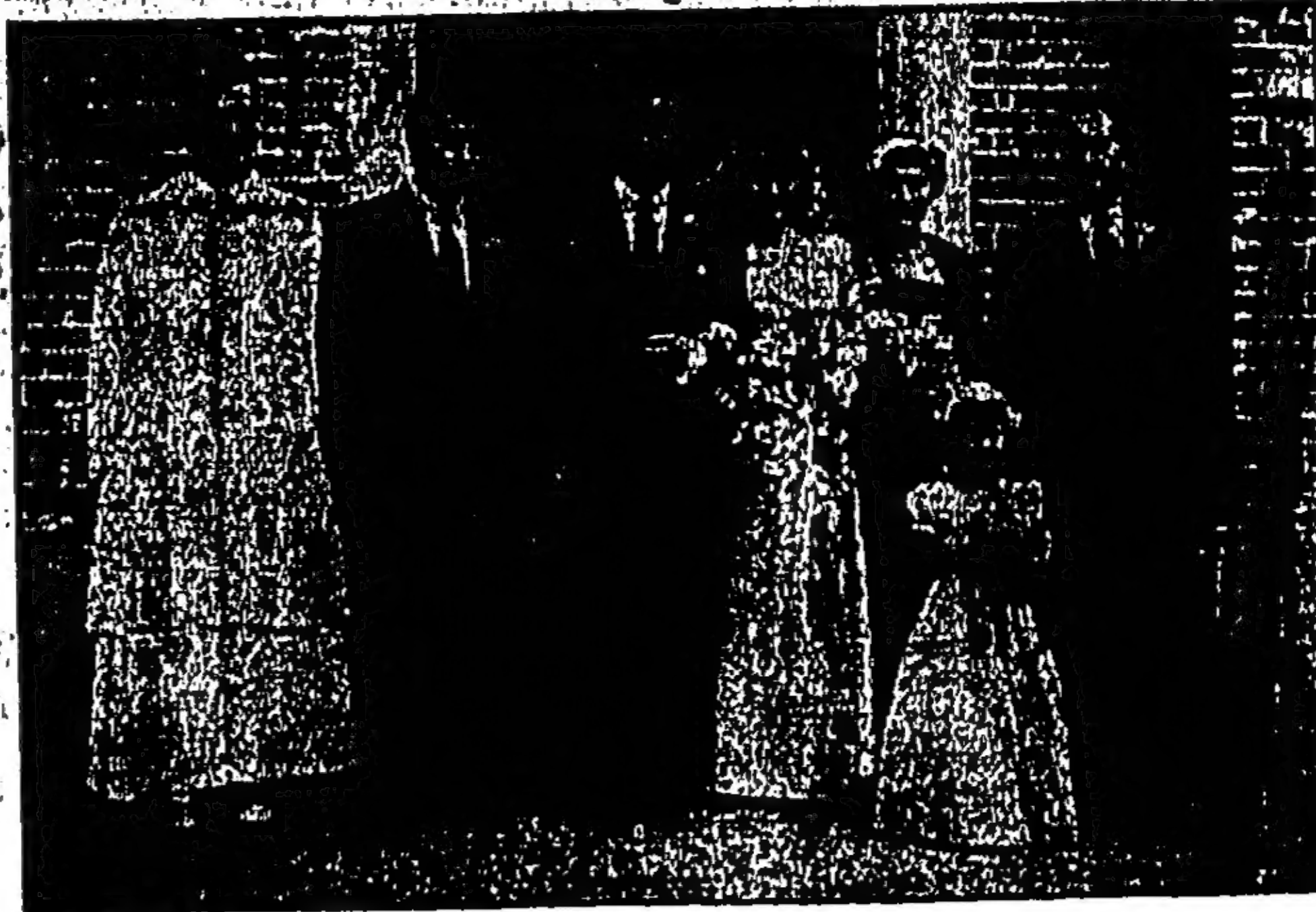








SOME of those who attended the Lions' Club ladies' night at the Miramar Hotel. From left: Mr M. Omerod, Mrs A. Lang, Mr Andrew K. C. Wong, Mrs Wong, Mr P. C. Lee, Mrs Lee, Mr A. Lang and Mrs Omerod. (Staff Photographer)



HAPPY bridal group taken at St Andrew's Church at the wedding of Mr Herbert Goody and Miss Patricia Sistle Wong. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Kieran, son of Mr and Mrs T. Kavanagh, about to blow out the candles on his birthday cake. Picture taken at the party marking his third birthday. (Ming Yuen)



MICHAEL (fourth from left, front row), son of Mr and Mrs H. M. Wilson, and some of his young friends at his third birthday party. (Ming Yuen)

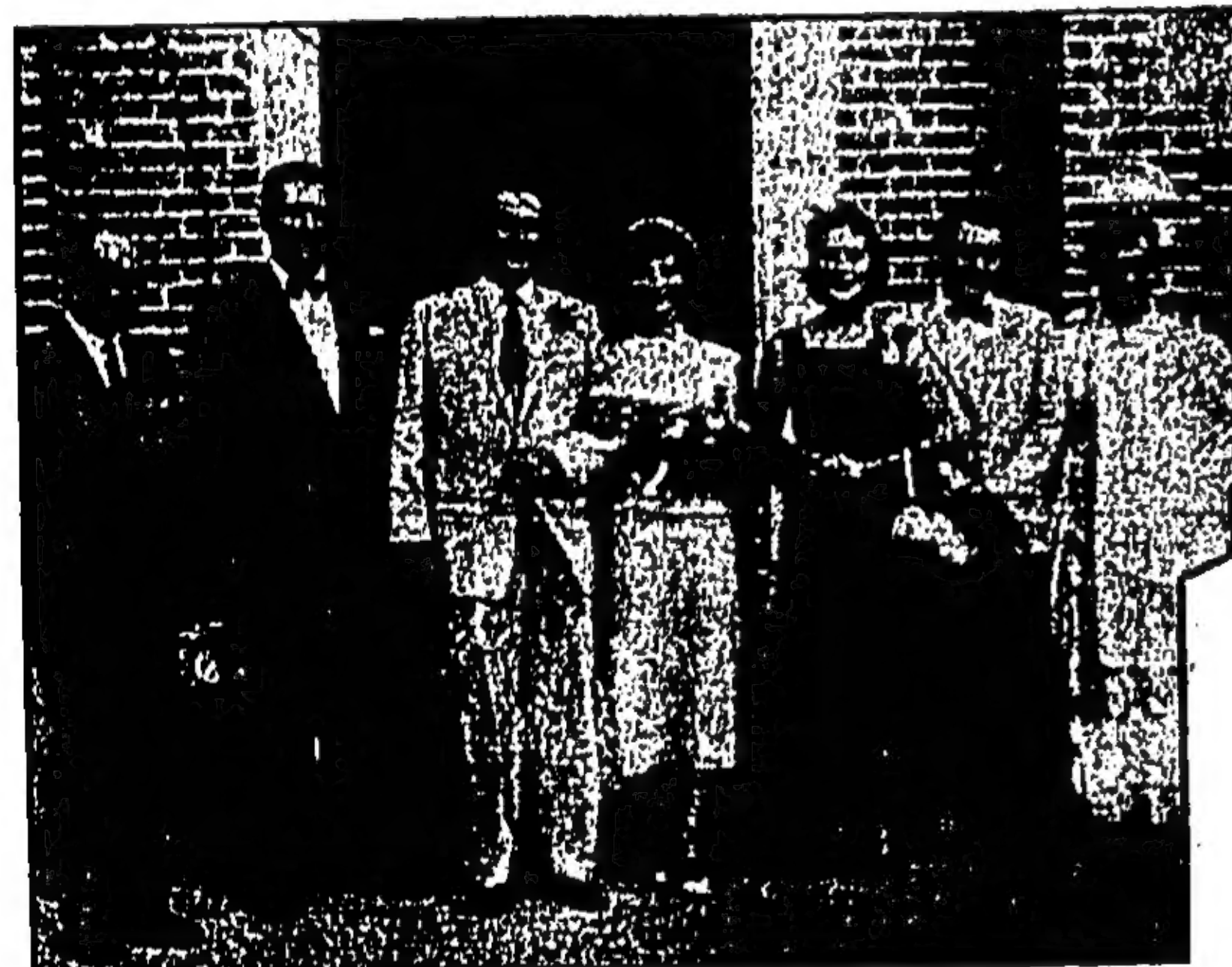


COCKTAIL party given in the Champagne Room by Mr A. M. Mackay, the Far East representative, to meet Mr L. W. Robson, Chairman of the Associated British Engineering, Ltd. From left: Mr K.P. Taul, Dr I. Bergius, Mr Robson and Mr Mackay. (Staff Photographer)



THE Commander-in-Chief, Far East Station, Admiral Sir Alan Scott-Moncrieff, inspecting the ship's company of HMS Tamar last week. He is seen talking to a locally enlisted Chinese sailor. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: An unusual wedding cake in the shape of a church with two steeples. Cutting it is Mrs Allyrio Antonio Braga, assisted by the bridegroom, The bride was Miss Olga Tavares. Their wedding took place at St Teresa's Church on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs G. N. Cholong with friends after their wedding at St Andrew's Church, Kowloon. The bride was Miss Joan Medland. (Staff Photographer)



A fancy dress party to celebrate their birthday was given by Bob Pape Jr. and Susan Pape at their home at Shepherd's Court last Saturday. Bob and Susan are the children of Cd.MAA R. H. Pape, the Royal Navy's well-known distance runner, and Mrs Diana Pape (Francis Wu)



LEFT: The Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr Hussain Suhrawardy (right), greeted by Hongkong Pakistani citizens on his brief stopover here en route to Peking by plane. Shaking hands with Mr Suhrawardy is Mrs Tajud-Deen. Mr Tajud-Deen is on her left, and Mr Malik Firoz Khan, President of the Hongkong Pakistan Muslim Society, on her right. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken at the Hongkong Cricket Club on Monday last when the annual cricket match between Hongkong Chinese and Foreign Chinese was played. The Malaysian, Mrs. (Staff Photographer)

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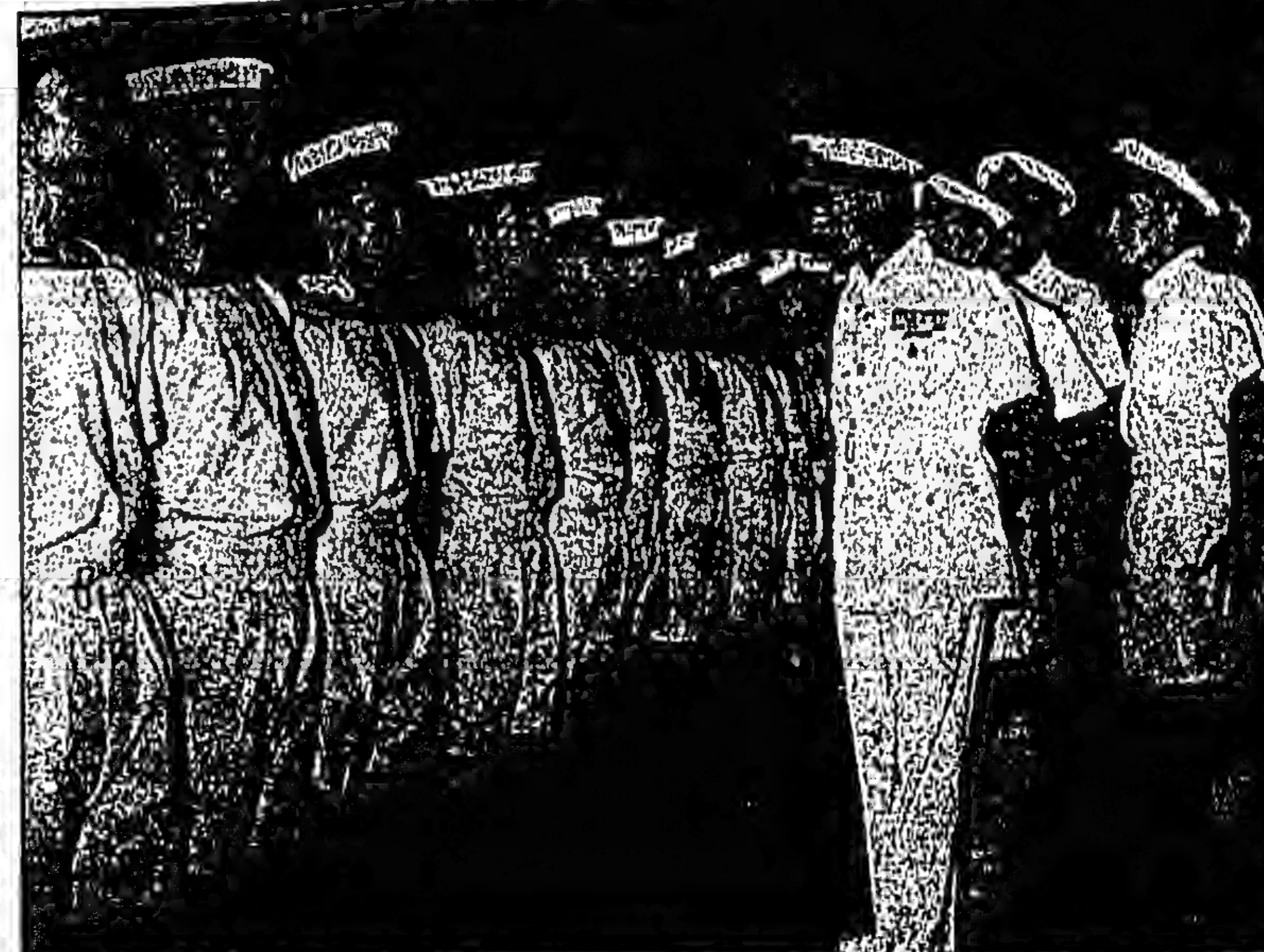




HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, waving from the launch, Lady Maureen, to friends waiting at Queen's Pier to welcome him and Lady Grantham back from their holiday. Lady Grantham is on extreme right. (Staff Photographer)



TWELVE persons were baptised last Sunday at the Kowloon Tong Church of the Chinese Christian and Missionary Alliance. They are seen in the group above. The Rev. John Bechtel officiated.



RIGHT: The Commander-in-Chief, Far East Station, Admiral Sir Alan Scott - Moncrieff, inspecting men of the Hongkong Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve when he paid a visit to their Headquarters on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



SNAPPED at the Atomic Energy Exhibition at the British Council Library. Looking over an exhibit—model of a BOAC airliner conveying radioactive isotopes in the wing-tips—are (from left) the Hon. P. C. M. Sedgwick, Dr the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues, the Hon. Kwok Chan and the Hon. D. R. Holmes. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr H. Frisco and Miss Marlene Ingonhuett, who were married at St Joseph's Church. Their wedding reception was held at Repulse Bay Hotel. (Eddie Ching)



RIGHT: Mr David Marshall, Singapore's former Chief Minister, who returned from a trip to Red China last week, chatting with members of the Malayan Association who entertained him to dinner on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Group picture taken at the annual meeting of St Joseph's Synagogue boys' Association. Seated in centre: the President, Dr the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues. (Mainland)



BELOW: At the party given at the Peninsula Hotel by the Choral Group in honour of their Director, Professor Eliso Gualdi, who received the insignia of Knighthood of the Order of the Italian Republic. Prof. Gualdi is second from right, seated. (Staff Photographer)



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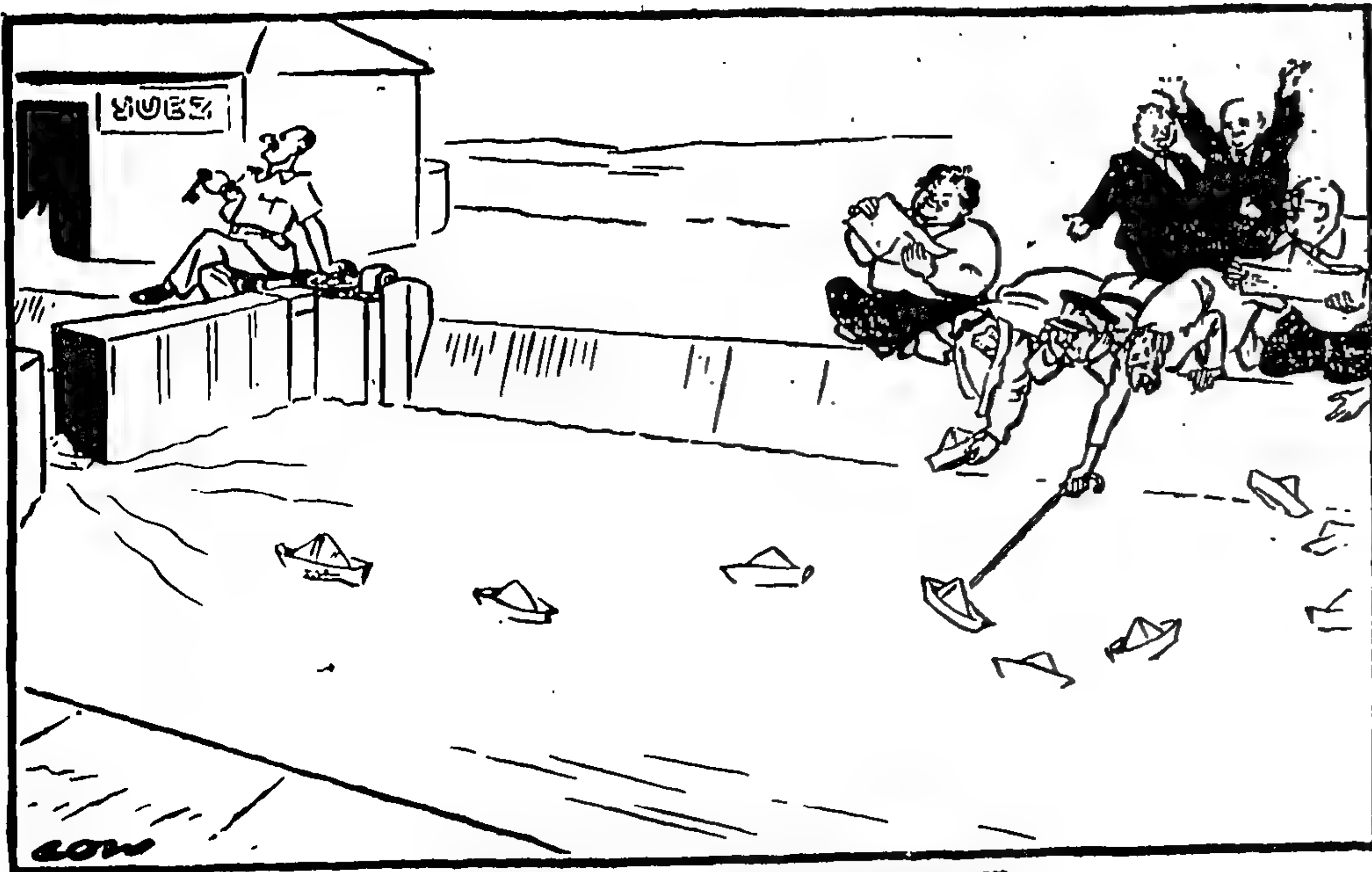
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## MONTMARTRE MORNING —AND ILLUSIONS

Paris

**E**IGHT o'clock in the morning is the time to go up to Montmartre. At almost any other, the professional tourist atmosphere is as thick as a scarf. But eight o'clock on a windy, damp morning that is going to be fine later, it is full of luring mystery; and there are witches of more style about than you now see anywhere at all in Europe.

The witch-woman ahead of me in the Rue Lepic was the one I remembered at home in London as a boy. Her wig lay half way down her back—a great heavy nest. As boys we used to whisper that she kept her hoard in it. Gold coins. I trod behind her in the Rue Lepic listening for the clink. She disappeared down a small street.

There has been talk lately of transferring Montmartre with a new building development—and even skyscrapers. This has prompted local people to form a Committee for the Safeguard of Montmartre City, and say they are going to stop desecration by getting the Ministry of Beaux Arts to classify parts of the district as historical monuments—and consequently unchangeable.

But any skyscraper men there are must be hiding because there is no clearance and scarcely any building or repairs work going on. In fact, this is where one of the great and fascinating mysteries of Montmartre crops up.

Once you are on the Butte, in the streets immediately below the Sacre Coeur, the place is full of locked and flaking doors, boarded windows with rusty bars—bijou houses, 1925 villas, ateliers, all deserted. One street door has chalked on it "Dead."

Another, mysteriously "Whence?" You wonder what has become of the owners.

And there is an ever-growing suggestion that it is something blarney.

I must, you know, be old to reason why the Abbe Pierre, not only his riding boots of quarters to occupy the villa, why there are none of the municipal requisition notices you see pinned to doors of less obviously abandoned places. Perhaps, after all, there are living creatures inside? And I am sitting families to them of mad, electric-haired shaven women and still men with Parkinsonian shakes.

Other tenants, it is clear have gone, out and simply forgotten to come back. Like the painter of No. 31 Rue St Vincent, through whose window you see the easel, unfinished canvas, the palette and oozing paint tubes, bottle of wine and half-smoked cigarette, but, not carefully on the edge of the pushed-back chair, the padlock on his secret door is very rusty. He has at least had time to go by balala wood raft to the Marquesas—where perhaps he now is?

The painters who have remained look plump, bourgeois and rather, sandals are worn only by ferruginous supports and heels with a bad foot. In front of the Lapin Agile there are villainous imitations of tree stumps in concrete. The Moulin de la Galette, a white-washed, cast-iron, painted by a glib and a noble, beard: "Every Saturday."

By Stephen Coulter

"The trouble is the coaches" said the waiter at the Cafe des Omnis on the Place Pigalle.

"You go into a bottle and you think there's atmosphere. You sit down and order champagne. Suddenly a man you haven't noticed gives a sign and everybody in the place gets up and leaves. It was a coach party. You are depressed."

Well, the Unetel is rather faded. The heart-shaped sign, "This is the heart of Montmartre," by the old Bal Tabarin is still there; but the Tabarin has been closed for two years and the sign doesn't light up.

But Jojo, late head man of the Grand Jeu Cabaret, heartened me by saying that in the night clubs there are still wild Dumas-like dramas of "impossible" love between men who cast aside the world and brilliant careers and families out of passion for one of the port, masqueraded slightly lately and so unsuspiciously romantic young girls who work in them.

But at that moment the woman with the gold in her wig came by and I rose to follow.

Dance, Snack or Drink obligatory. 350 francs. Entrance free. The real glamour is supplied by the yellow palm-and-bonnet porter beside it "Holidays in the Sun—Tanglers, Corsica" (And no Snack or Drink obligatory).

But the Rue de l'Abreuvoir is still beautifully unchanged, and the Rue St Vincent with its railed pavement steps and tiny hovel houses precisely what it must have been a century ago. Meticulously these parts have not been taken over by the rich, and the 1920 artines that built the Avenue Junot round the corner, where the architects and ceramics enthusiasts live did not reach this far.

Downhill, across the Boulevard, the night club district lives on like a raddled old hooper with badly hemmed hair, still managing from sheer hard-mouthed brass to make enough out of the shared evenings of disbelieving, rather mistrustful and slightly scornful strangers.

## THE CONTRADICTIONS OF HAROLD MACMILLAN

By LES ARMOUR

**I**F Harold Macmillan could get together with Harold Macmillan and arrange a truce, a lot of British politicians would sleep more easily at night.

As it is, the Harold Macmillan who once wrote a book advocating a planned economy appears to be fighting a constant—though losing—battle with the Harold Macmillan who thinks that Adam Smith wrote the last word in political economies.

And the Harold Macmillan whose grandfather started life as a poor Scottish peasant fights a no less vigorous battle with the Harold Macmillan who went to Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, served in the Grenadier Guards and married a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire.

Even more obvious is the battle between the Macmillan who—with his wiry mustache, his jewelled topknot, and his Edwardian trousers—delights in dandyism and the serious, scholarly, deeply sensitive Macmillan who won a first at Oxford and went on to fight a one-man battle against the leadership of the Conservative Party in the early 1930s.

The difficulty is that no one can tell from moment to moment which Macmillan will turn up.

It is a range, indeed, that the man who, in 1930, recruited Herbert Morrison as the one to rescue the country from the doldrums should find himself on terms of epic war with the Trade Union Congress in 1956.

It is even stranger that the Macmillan who spent much of the thirties fighting an unrelenting battle for a solution to the unemployment problem, should now be accused of deliberately plotting a "pool of unemployable."

There are any easy explanations for the fact that Macmillan, one of the few Conservatives of the pre-war years who had a deep sympathy for Socialist principles, should be the member of the Cabinet most hated by the Opposition in 1956.

The man himself is a study in contradictions.



DANDY... OR REBEL?

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The man himself is a study in contradictions.

The bare facts of his career are simple enough. He was born 62 years ago, the son of Maurice Macmillan whose father, fired with the ideal of popular education, had founded in 1843 what was to become the nation's greatest publishing house.

Young Harold went to Eton. By then the family was prosperous. There he won an exhibition to Oxford. His studies were interrupted by the First World War, which took him to France, where he was wounded three times. After the war, he won a first at Oxford and then went to the Duke of Devonshire, then Governor-General.

There he met and married Dorothy, one of the Duke's daughters.

Life as an aide, however, did not appeal to him, and he was not long in leaving to take over the family business. He was a successful publisher, and his books were widely read.

The two outlooks cannot easily be merged, and Macmillan, all his life, seems to have been pulled first by one and then by the other.

There is no doubt that when the Conservatives nominated the young ex-aide to the Governor-General of Canada, they were convinced that he was in the best and deepest Tory tradition.

They must have been shocked when he arrived in Parliament and, almost forthwith, declared war on Toryism.

He fulminated against his own front bench, accused the Government of sitting back and letting the depression take it by storm. He believed that careful economic planning—a regulation of imports and exports was one of the things he demanded—could iron out the ups and downs of the economic system.

He also believed that England was rich enough to provide everyone with a decent standard of living and he could see no real excuse for the poverty, hunger, and human degradation he saw around him.

He was also acutely aware—long before any but a handful of his colleagues—of the menace of Fascism and Nazism.

When, in 1930, Anthony Eden, then Foreign Secretary, proposed to withdraw the economic sanctions which had been placed on Mussolini, Macmillan not only stood up in the House and denounced him but also formally dissociated himself from the Conservative Party.

Later, Eden, too, was to revolt against the Government's appeasement policy, but Macmillan was one of those who had made it easier for him by leading the way.

When war finally came, Macmillan was sent to the Ministry of Supply as Parliamentary Secretary.

Even then his political rebelliousness was not quelled. He was involved in a plan to bring Lloyd George into the War Cabinet—a plan which Churchill did not appreciate in the least.

Churchill, however, was quick to recognize Macmillan's abilities and apparently forgave him as quickly. As British Resident Minister in North Africa, Macmillan's job was principally to act as contact between the British Government and General Eisenhower.

His job involved some of the richest issues of the war—Italy's private war with Mikhailovich, the political issues created by Italy's "defection" from the Axis, and all the jealousies created by the fact that the Americans had taken command of a major theatre of war.

After the war he took the post of "his party" as a sign that Conservatives had utterly failed to move with the times. He played a major role in forcing the party to accept its "Industrial Charter"—a document which, in fact, pledged the Tories never to return to the old policy of free trade.

He also played a leading part in the "United Europe" movement.

When, at length, the Conservatives regained power, the political pundits expected that he would get one of the top jobs in the Cabinet, instead, Churchill—proving his shrewdness—sent him to the Ministry of Housing.

In normal times, the Ministry of Housing is a minor post. But the war had destroyed or damaged one British house in three, and the Socialists had managed to make good only a fraction of the damage. Let alone tackle the immense problem left over from the pre-war years.

A Conservative conference at Blackpool shook the party leaders by passing a resolution calling on the Government to build 300,000 houses a year.

There were many who thought that the party leaders should put the rank and file in place. Macmillan believed that any failure to live up to the resolution would be political suicide.

And he did build the houses. Now he is busy stopping people building houses, buying motor cars, and generally waxing fat.

The change is remarkable—and has been remarked upon.

The obvious explanation seems too naive to accept. But rather looks as though Macmillan has integrity.

He has seen what the economists saw long ago—Britain can afford no more luxuries. The time has come to cut back. Somehow, sizable sections of industry have to be converted from the production of luxury goods for the home market to the production of anything that will sell overseas and pay for the country's imports.

There is no deep plot. That much is obvious enough. If it were all, Macmillan might not be popular but he would, at least, be respected by the whole community as, for instance, Sir Stafford Cripps was.

What has to be explained is the fact that he is not respected by large sections of the community. The Trades Union Congress in conference recently refused even to hear him.

Opposition politicians regard him as their particular hate.

Unfortunately, he seems to combine his economic views with a political and social outlook which is reminiscent of an aristocrat of a century ago.

He may, no doubt, have sympathy with the workers who have been displaced by his policies. He may still detect those who wax rich at the expense of the community.

But he expresses neither his sympathy nor his distaste clearly. When he speaks, he sounds condescending, as though he was speaking to a room full of schoolboys.

## CHILL WIND AT THE CINEMAS

By JOHN SEWELL

**T**HE shutters are going up on more and more cinemas. In Britain a month ago, the Rank Organisation announced the closing of 79 of its 560 picture houses. Now another concern—ABC, the Rank Organisation's biggest rival—talks of shutting down another 25 to 30 cinemas out of its own 400.

A cold wind whistles through the cinema box offices everywhere. There is more money in the pockets of the cinema-going public than ever before, and there are bigger potential audiences, but people are just not going to the pictures.

Everybody knows why. It is the challenge of television.

"The magic window" in the living room has obvious advantages over the cinema. Technicolour when the cinema lies at the end of a tiresome journey in inclement weather after a fatiguing day.

Personally, I am still a film fan. From "Birth of a Nation" to "The King and I," the cinema has found in me a devoted patron down the years.

**VITALITY**

I have even written about films, and sat through 10 shows in a week, which by any standards is a test of endurance.

So I have the thought, before very long TV may kill the cinema, just as the cinema gradually strangled the old-time movie-halls.

Need it happen? The threat is clearly there. All the same, I still believe that there is enough vitality in the film industry to fight back and hold its own. But it will have to do better, in countries where it faces the competition of television, than it has managed to do in the last few years.

There is no necessity to mourn the passing of some of the cinema's best. Television will kill outside the circuit. A lot of them are shabby, grubby and out of date. They show the same old films over and over.

about, and shockingly bad films. Most of the time, they have lived on the entertainment hunger of people in small towns and remote villages, with nothing better to hope for.

They deserve to go down before the first onslaught of television. If there are fewer bad films made as a result of TV competition, it will be all to the good.

If the standards of comfort in the cinema theatres are left as they are, who could complain? If the films themselves improve—better stories, sharper direction, more new ideas and less reliance on squandering money for twaddling results—we film fans will rejoice.

This competition between cinema and TV is a healthy thing. It can result in getting rid of a good deal of rubbish. And I believe that the cinema can survive and prosper through it all.

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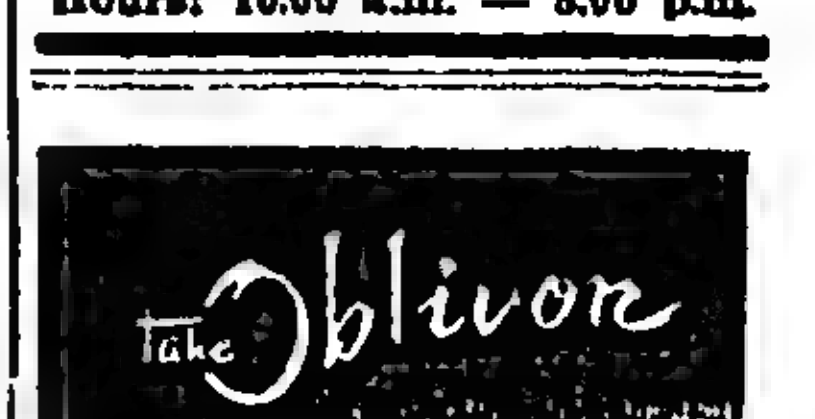
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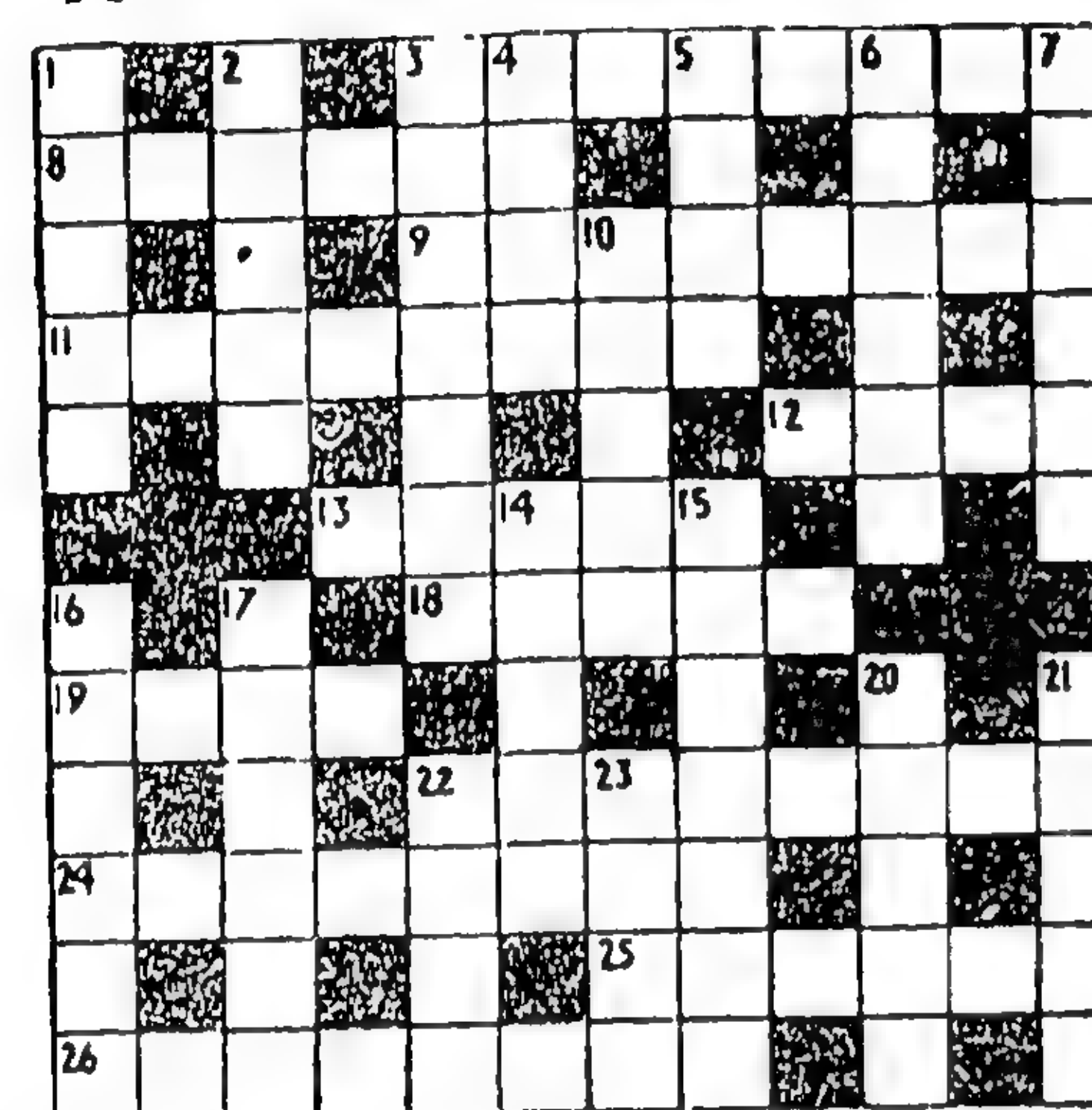
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POCKET CARTOON  
by OSHBERT LANCASTER

"Now just remember what Mr. Gattrell said, that although freedom is an important complete social equality comes first."

## A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS  
1. Vol. 1 of the (10)  
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26. The (10)

BUMPER BOOK PAGE USHERING IN THE NEW PUBLISHING SEASON  
A BOOK THAT LOST HALF A POUND  
IN BRITAIN

By Nancy Spain



THIS book is news. It has just won the Pulitzer Prize.

In America, in six months, it sold 200,000 copies, buying the story for \$250,000, says: "It is the most important motion picture property in 16 years."

The American critics just raved. "Better than 'Gone With The Wind,'" they said. "Great." "Greater." "Greatest."

## 'Bowdlerised'

WELL, what is this all about? Why all the fuss? The book by Mackinlay Kantor, who wrote "The Best Years of Our Lives," and it is called ANDERSONVILLE (W. H. Allen, 20s.). I have two copies of it on my desk right now. The English and the American editions.

They look alike. They both have 700 pages. Indeed, the English edition is a reproduction of the text of the other. The jackets are similar. But I have just weighed both books. The English edition weighs 2lb. The American "light" So, making allowance for the extra American production, one would say something has been taken out.

## Cut out

If you examine each edition very carefully (and for my sin I have now read both, word by word) you will see that here and there a word, a phrase, a sentence or two have been daintily cut out by a clever fellow with a scalpel. "Bowdlerised" is the word because Mr Bowdler once treated the works of Shakespeare in this way.

Why? Obviously because the publisher and printer thought that some of Mr Mackinlay Kantor's words were too bad for English taste.

Quite right too. They were. But there are, alas, plenty of a lot left to disturb even the broad-minded English reader. "Andersonville," they say, is a true story. It is all about a concentration camp in a swamp.

It had no drains, no adequate buildings. There was little medical help, almost no equipment.

## Like Belsen

THIRTY THOUSAND men were herded into this spot, tortured, starved, and beaten. They also became hopelessly diseased. They died like flies. Their suffering was every bit as bad as Belsen, as shocking as the notorious prison camps of the Korean war.

But these things were not done by Chinese Communists. Not this time. These things were done by the South in the North in the Civil War, by Americans to Americans about 100 years ago.

Fair enough. This is a story, then, that needs to be told, so we all get too complacent. Apparently it has already been told 85 times. (There are 85 books about Andersonville listed in Kantor's bibliography.) So what is new about Mackinlay Kantor's story?

Kantor is 52, tall, blond, of Jewish-Swedish-Anglo-Irish extraction. He is married to a commercial artist called Irene, has two children, two grandchildren.

## In two wars

At 17 he helped his mother run a local newspaper. He has served in two wars, was in books, belongs to no set political party or religion. He has

The world's cruellest war, indeed, was two-thirds of the world's richest nation (America) have incomes of less than \$1,500.

I believe a comfortable income is the greatest sustaining factor to which an individual may have.

His remarks are brilliant. Kantor puts his own philosophy to work by writing, instead of a good, simple, well-documented piece of non-fiction, a lush, over-written melodrama.

He has made quite sure that this book will keep him in comfort. As if the main theme, cruel, foul, sorry were not enough,

he has invented subsidiary novelettish, sordid, sexy stories to support it.

To carry out the main pattern of degradation, degradation, and disease he has followed the fortunes of the sort of fictional people who might hang around a prison camp in the Deep South.

There is the local tart, the Widow Tobin, and her brood, decaying in a hut, in a Clintey, wood-bored, sex-starved farmer. His mad wife. His beautiful daughter. The good, pale, thin doctor. Ugh. I can almost see the Bit Part Players in their eagerness for these life-warding roles.

But this is not a movie. This is a prize-winning Stream of Consciousness novel which is to say we have to follow these characters through their thoughts as well as their actions. And, as you can expect, they mostly have impure thoughts.

... the printer's nimble reaper. ... Stream of Consciousness, indeed Stream of Sewage more likely.

The more they write up honest truth as though it were a top complainting. Munarrat was the first to offend me this month. Now we have Mackinlay Kantor. ... Who on earth do they think they are to mess around with truth? The truth should be enough for anyone.



MACKINLAY KANTOR

## MR HUXLEY FINDS A BEACH SECRET

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

ADONIS AND THE ALPHABET. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus, 18s. 285 pages.

HUXLEY, at 62, still embodies in his elegant, six-foot-four frame the outlook of the post 1914-18 war. He is inquisitive; full of strange and sometimes shocking lore; pessimistic; a pacifist and one who obstinately believes that too many babies come into the world and too little food comes out of the soil.

The old boy is still haunting Huxley (page 213 of his new book of essays): "It seems pretty certain that, as a larger and hungrier population 'mines the soil' in a desperate search for food, the destructive processes of erosion and deforestation will be speeded up."

## Not any more

When Huxley put that idea forward six years ago, he was the vanguard of modern thought. Not now. Not any more. In the last 15 years the population of the world has increased by an estimated 350 million. And there are 1,000 million bushels of wheat stored in the granaries of Canada alone.

Huxley is in the wry posture of a religious leader who has announced the time and place of the second coming—and must now explain his apparent error. Any other change in his status? Yes. Thirty years ago a London newspaper observed in horror that he "refers to matters to which decent-minded folk do not refer."

Intensely serious, Huxley still likes to shock, a diversion of the frivolous. But it is harder now.

He retains some of his old obsessions: theology, drainage, sex.

## Truth dawns

In the opening of one essay in the present volume Huxley is walking along a beautiful, strangely empty Californian beach with Thomas Mann. First one symptom and then another impinged on their senses. At last the truth dawns:

"Offshore from the noble beach was the outfall through which Los Angeles discharged, raw and untreated, the contents of its sewers."

Huxley fled from the horrid sight and even more horrid smells—and wrote an essay on Tolstoy's dislike of cleanliness; Shakespeare's dislike of the working class, the sewage system of Mohenjo-Daro (3000 B.C.); and the filth of London in 1836.

Needless to say, the writing has shape and wit. "Ignorance and inefficiency," he writes "are among the strongest bulwarks of liberty."

Huxley, just married for the second time, lives in a mountain-top home in California, pecking at his typewriter (learned, like Beethoven, when he thought he was going blind), talking in his beautiful voice, listening with some reluctance.

He approves of Herbert Spencer's custom of taking car-stoppers when he went out to dinner and plugging them in when the conversational level fell. His mountain home is without a telephone.

In America, where he has lived since 1937, he has found employment (film script writing); light (his eyes suffer in the dim English weather); new

interests (Eastern mysticism). He is more learned than ever, as urbane, less inventive, less satirical, still the master of un-expected turns of phrase and uncomfortable turns of thought.

"Famagusta," he says, opening one essay, "reminded me irresistibly of MGM's back lot at Culver City." A trip to Salt Lake City is described in a passage carries surely one of the tallest in the history of Mormonism. "The big Mormon Temple almost defies his evocative power by a certain combination of oddity, dullness and monumentality."

## Graceful curves

The art of conversation is the art of not staying long in the same mental place. Huxley's essays are like well-managed conversations; they flow in graceful curves like a river with a good conservancy board. "Thus what began as a description of the River Adonia becomes a discussion of the alphabet and ends in a mystical recognition of the 'togetherness of all things.'"

Stylish, readable, stimulating. Huxley may lack the old fire-works and may have a moralist forever lurking at his elbow. He is still a considerable writer.

## The Perfect Official Made One Blunder

By CHARLES WINTOUR

HOME AND ABROAD. By Lord Strang. Published by Andre Deutsch, 21s. 320 pages.

OF his 34 years in the Foreign Office, Lord Strang spent only nine abroad. For the other 25 years he was working in the Foreign Office itself.

Clearly his superior found him invaluable at handling the ever-increasing flood of Papers that today seem the essential method of conducting British foreign policy.

His industry was tremendous. "I remember waking one night in the small hours with a draft buzzing in my head, and rising and committing it to paper for

Mr Eden's use next day and then wrestling with Vyshinsky most of the next night around a green baize table."

Apart from his capacity for work, Strang possessed many other qualities which marked him out as a model civil servant.

Discretion. Burgess and Maclean, who disappeared when he was head of the Foreign Office, are mentioned only to explain why the author will not discuss them.

Humour. He lays little stress on his achievement in rising from an Essex village school to the diplomatic heights.

Loyalty. A sympathetic portrait of Bevin makes one of the best chapters in the book. Some of the Bevinians who would do credit to Sir Goldwyn. When the Council of Europe was being discussed Bevin burst out, "I don't like it. I don't like it. When you open that Pandora's box you will find it full of Trojan horses."

Generosity to juniors. He even urges a wider distribution of peerages, and decorations to British diplomats abroad. (In 1910, there were 10 ambassadors; two were peers; all were Privy Counsellors; all the GCBs; and nine had the GCMG. In 1955 none were peers, none were PCs or GCBs.)

And, above all, he is cool, dispassionate and lucid.

Yet, despite his high qualities, Lord Strang must be convicted of one major blunder near the end of his career. It was the British representative on the European Advisory Commission, the war-time body of three great powers entrusted with drawing up the German surrender terms, including the zone boundaries. It was this body which failed to make any provision for Western communications through the Soviet zone with Berlin. It was an omission that was to lead the West to the brink of war in 1948.

## His defence.

Strang's defence of this omission is weak. He says the Commission assumed there would be a central German authority which would have involved some free movement from zone to zone. And he adds that his delegation received no instructions to raise this question.

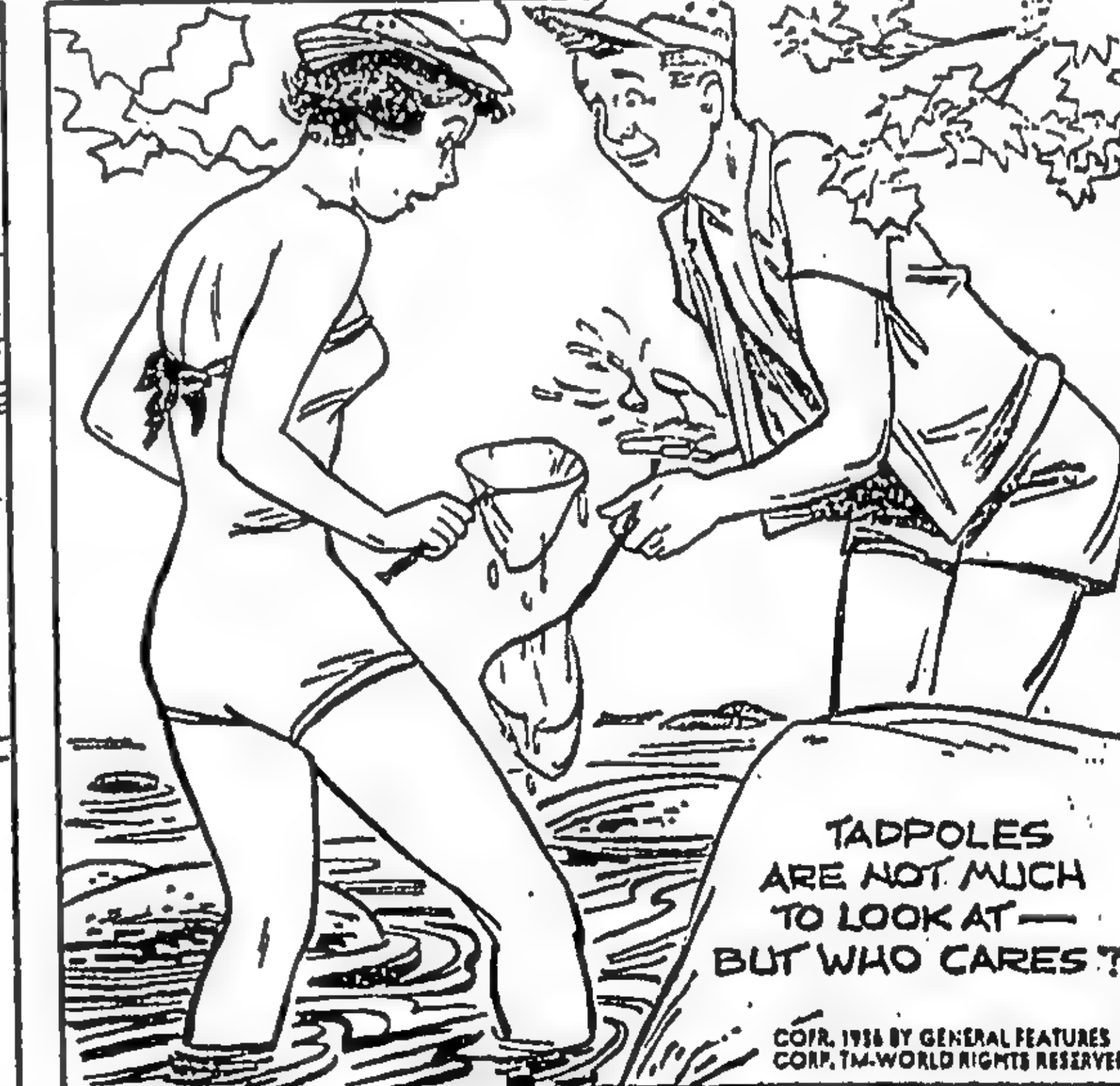
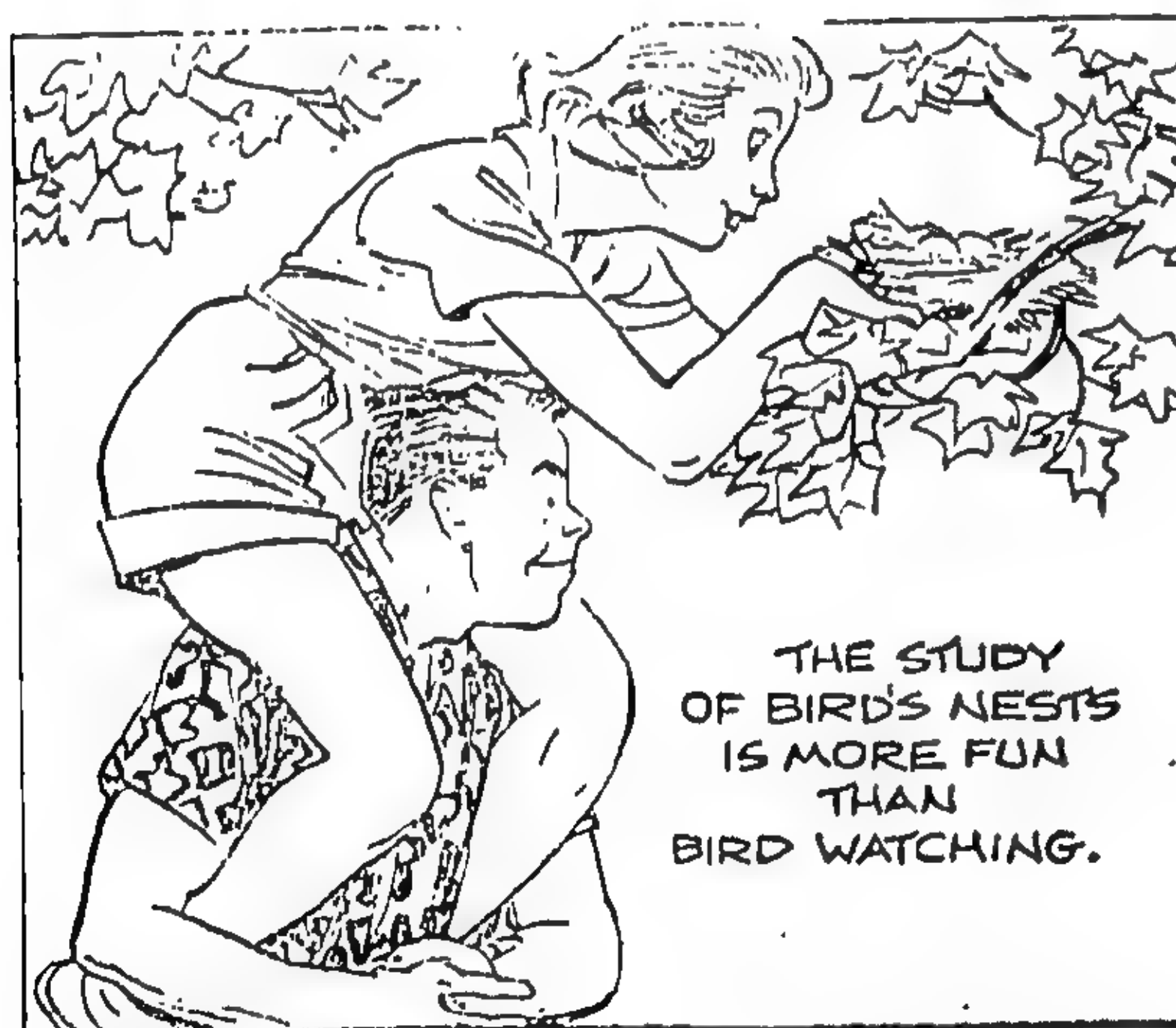
Earlier, however, Strang says he was the only one of the three representatives who had to organise the preparation of his own instructions. If Strang received no instructions on this vital point, he must share the responsibility almost entirely. Further, whatever instructions the British may have made about free movement between the zones, their optimism was not shared by their American colleagues. In May 1944, the late John Winant, the American ambassador on EAC, had been in Washington for the preparation of detailed provisions safeguarding access to Berlin by road, rail and air. This proposal was turned down by the American military staff. But the British military authorities apparently never considered the matter. It was never referred to them. Why not?

Lord Strang has written an autobiography that radiates the authority of the observer of the urbanity of his mind. The book is a masterpiece of the art of the civil servant. It is a masterpiece of the art of the civil servant. It is a masterpiece of the art of the civil servant.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Nature Study

BY HARRY WEINERT













# Broke, We Sleep Four To A Bed A Seven-Game Card Highlights Opening Of Softball League

Jack Wardrop was just 16 when he was picked for the 1,500 Metres in the 1948 London Olympic Games. He had swum in a race over such a long distance only once before. That was in the English mile championship. He came in third. He told me:

Originally I'd been picked for the 400 metres. Nobody gave me any sort of coaching in how to swim the longer race. In my inexperienced I "tumbled" in my turns. Even in 1956 a 1,500 metres swimmer doesn't do it. It takes too much out of him. I came third in my heat, and was eliminated.

## He won ten

### ASA titles

A tumble turn is used by swimmers. It is much faster and gives a longer push-off. But it is exhausting—as exhausting as having a tumbling turn every 60 yards in a one-mile running race.

Between 1948 and 1952 Jack won ten ASA titles. 1952 was his pre-teen year; he took every free-style championship from 100 yards to the mile. At the end of that year he held all five free-style British records.

Matt Mann, coach to the American team, seeing Jack at the 1952 Olympics, said: "If only that boy had as many hard races as our swimmers, what a world-beater he would be."

It was Mann who suggested that Jack and Bert (his twin brother) should go to Michigan University, where Mann was at that time chief swimming coach. And Jack did become a world beater.

He has broken five world records in all and three still stand. Talking of these records, Jack says:

## Broke record

### both times

The first was the 400-yard individual medley. I've only swum this race twice in my life, and broken the world record both times.

## Continuing the JACK WARDROP STORY

as told by PAT BESFORD

I did it first in 1954, in the American Indoor Championships. I had to swim 100 yards each of butch, back crawl, breast-stroke, and front-crawl. But I just couldn't remember the order.

Bert had to stand at the end of the bath shouting out to me what came next.

## ... And another world's best

My time, 4min. 41.7 sec., was 11. sec. inside the old record. The next year in the same championships I managed to win the medley again in 4min. 20 sec. That was a world record too.

It was a lot of fun going to these American Championships at Yale University. We were always broke. We hitch-hiked in 1955 to save expense. One boy booked a single room, and the rest of us slept up the fire escape to save it with him. I don't know how we managed to sleep!

I wanted to win the gold medal for the outstanding swimmer of the Championships. No other had ever done this. You may only swim in three events, and maximum points are 21, with seven for a win, five for second, four for third, and so on down to one for sixth.

Olympic Champion Ford Konno beat me in the 220 yards. Thirty minutes later I won the 400 yards medley. The next day was the 410 yards, in

which I was up against Konno again. I needed third or fourth place to win that gold medal.

I managed to hold Konno for 400 yards—then he got away from me. But I was second, and won 17 points to Konno's 14 the gold medal was mine.

At least it was for one day. Then all my clothes and the gold medal were stolen from my locker. I had to go home in Bert's track suit!

## Stole clothes and medal

I got a replacement gold medal made—it cost me seven dollars, but it was worth it. (Jack broke his own three world records in seven days. On February 28, 1955, in a match, Michigan v. Ohio, Jack had to meet his old rival Ford Konno again.)

I was so broke Bert had done 50.7 sec. for the 100 yards in a relay that I didn't care a hoot about my own 220 yards. We started. I couldn't see Ford, who was on my right, when I expected to see him at the 50 or 100-yard turns.

I thought either he is off form, or I have a chance at the record. So I put everything into the swim, and kept my eyes on the wall ahead for the last four laps.

It didn't feel a fast race—but my time, 2min. 3.9 sec., was a new 220-yard record and equaled Konno's record for 200 metres, which is a slightly shorter distance.

(One week later Jack swam 220 yards in 2min. 3.4 sec., and took both the 220-yard and 200-metre records.)

(COPYRIGHT)



Overjoyed after beating the world 220-yard record.

## Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Mountaineering, fishing, yachting.
2. 17.
3. Cricket.
4. 1875.
5. J. Borotra, R. Lacoste, H. Cochet.
6. Manchester City, Wolves, Blackpool.
7. 1954.
8. Marcelino (Al Weill), Barney Robinson (George Gainsford).
9. West Brom (Vic Buckingham), Chelsea (Ted Drake), Wolves (Stan Cullis), Manchester United/Matt Busby.
10. Twice.

## ALL GOALSCORERS

When Hillbrook United beat Sheldon Star in the Solihull Youth League by 18-3 every member of the side scored. Yes, even the goalkeeper. He was allowed to take a penalty.

A seven-game softball card highlights the opening of the 1956/57 fixtures at King's Park this week-end with the spotlight focussed on the American quarter as both their senior teams will be seen in action.

Taking the starring role in tomorrow's programme, the US Navy nine, represented by men from the USS Gardiner's Bay, clash with the youthful Blackhawks at 11.30 a.m., while the afternoon opener at 2.00 p.m. features the American Consulate General squad against Kenneth Chun's never-say-die Pandas.

## By "TIME OUT"

Starting the ball rolling with a bang, the minor leagues come up with four keen battles this week, with three encounters dominating all diamond activities today. Fred Dista's PI Dodgers will cross their tallest hurdle at 4.00 p.m., this afternoon when they meet the home team, the Delawareans.

In the outfield, pilot Vas will most likely give the left field spot to Jerry Remedios with ballhawk Tony Rodriguez at centre and himself at right.

The men from the Gardiner's Bay are as yet unknown quantities, but their work-out at the park recently show that they are not to be ignored completely.

Delaware days. A last-minute shuffle in the inner line of defence will probably feature Frank Leandre at first, Donel Remedios at second, Gus Souza at the hot-corner and speedy John Pereira at the wintry alley.

In the outfield, pilot Vas will most likely give the left field spot to Jerry Remedios with ballhawk Tony Rodriguez at centre and himself at right.

The men from the Gardiner's Bay are as yet unknown quantities, but their work-out at the park recently show that they are not to be ignored completely.

## SENIOR TUSSELE

In the other Senior tussle featured fans should be treated to something different as two 'old' teams lock horns at 2.00 p.m. Kenneth Chun's Pandas have a definite edge over their American rivals, however, due to their masterful control of any situation by virtue of their experience.

The climax of the season is the rubber for the Cubs with peppy Raymond Taso performing hind-swinging duties. The infield quartet will revolve around veteran Y. S. Liang at shortstop, with lanky Harold Ong covering first, Bobby Tao or Johnny Yen at second and caddy Wally Ma at the hot-corner.

Their outer line of stars is purely a defensive one as Eddie Tao, Lam Ping-Frank, Cheng and S. Honnball share the honours. Their weakness in the long-ball hitting department, however, is overshadowed by their vacuum-like fielding abilities and their timely clutch-hitting that often brings the margin of victory over to their side of the ledger.

Manager Chong of the American Consulate General

nine had nothing extraordinary to say about his squad except that they have been playing this sport in their days in college, at home or in the navy and have a 'fair' idea of the softball played here. As this game comes almost naturally to any American, fans can be assured that the nine men facing the Pandas tomorrow afternoon will prove hard to beat.

## MAIN BATTLE

In today's main battle at 4.00 p.m. when Fred Dista's Dodgers cross bats with the Cheyennes, followers of the younger set will find thrills aplenty as these two teams are on a determined drive to the pennant with the 'survival' of the fittest being the phrase of the day.

The Cheyennes, with Mario 'Red' Pereira holding the reins, are a rather new outfit and most of the players will be performing for the first time in our leagues. Henry Vianne and Manuel Sequeira share pitching jobs, while the directing of things behind the plate is guarded by equally new Remedios, formerly of Blackhawks fame. Steady Francis Souza commands the infield four at short with young Miguel Silva covering the hot-corner. All-rounder Francis will have the job at second while Alberto Cunha guards the infield. Outfielders are Eric Remedios, Luis Silva and Manuel Sequeira.

## FIXTURES

Today: 2.30 p.m. Ground "A" Overcast v. Pandas Jr. Ground "B" South China v. War Eagles Jr. 4 p.m. Ground "A" Cheyennes v. PI Dodgers Jr.

Tomorrow: 10 a.m. Ground "A" Lion Cubs v. Seminoles Jr. 11.30 a.m. Ground "A" Blackhawks v. US Navy Sr. 2.30 p.m. Ground "A" A.C.G. v. Pandas Sr. 4.30 p.m. Ground "A" Comets v. H.K.U. Sr. "B".

## NOTICE

### THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

1st Day, 20th October, 1956  
STARTING DECLARATIONS

Owners are notified that all starting declarations which had been placed in the declaration boxes at the race course for Saturday, 18th October, 1956, are cancelled. Ponies starting on Saturday 20th October, 1956 will require to be declared in the usual manner.

By Order,  
A. E. ARNOLD,  
Secretary.

## NOTICE

### THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap  
Saturday, 27th October, 1956

Over 2,200,000 tickets sold to date.

Although all Kwangtung Handicap Sweep tickets issued will bear the date 15th October, 1956, they will be valid for and included in the draw for the Special Sweep on this race which now takes place on the 27th October, 1956.

The Sale of Cash Sweep Tickets on the above will now close on 26th October, 1956 as follows:—

382, Nathan Road, Kowloon, at 4.00 p.m.

5 D'Agular Street, at 5.00 p.m.

Queen's Building, Ground Floor, Chater Road, at 6.00 p.m.

The Draw will now be held in the Public Betting Hall at the Race Course, at 10.00 a.m. on Saturday, 27th October, 1956.

By Order of the Stewards,  
PEAT, MARWICK,  
MITCHELL & CO.  
Treasurers.

# Keep It Up, Pompey! Your Long Term Plan Deserves Success

Says ERIC NICHOLLS

When the Hungarians came to Wembley, they did more than give us the whacking of our lives, and smash our unbeaten Wembley record. They showed us how to play football, all over again.

I ever since I was a kid it has been thrust at me that England, who taught the world to play soccer, were the masters. I believed it. I suppose most did. They could beat us at most sports, they could label our heavyweights 'horizontal.' It didn't really matter. Because we still had our footballers.

How were we to know this was a fallacy? How were we to know that, being the tops was something from the past, which the players still believed—an attitude of mind? Everyone was resting on their laurels. How were we to know all this? We weren't old enough to remember the so-called 'good old days'.

And here were the pupils giving a lesson in the arts and sciences to the former masters.

We were masters no longer. Oh, well, there was still the World Cup. We would show them. How stupid can you get?

At least one man had his eyes wide open in Switzerland in the summer of 1954. His name was Eddie Lever, manager of Portsmouth.

Eddie, with skipper Jimmy Dickinson, watched the World Cup matches. They studied the technique of the Hungarians, the Germans, the South Americans. They decided: "Ball control and positional play is the answer."

## TRAINING STAFF

They didn't leave it at that. Conferences were called at Fratton Park for the training staff. Plans were formulated for the coming season. The players reported for training, and were given the low down on the Pompey way to success. It was a one hundred percent effort. It had to be.

At the start of last season the Pompey Plan looked like paying off in a big way. Then came a batch of injuries and heavy ground. Pompey faltered, then fell from grace. But they didn't give up.

They stuck to their guns, and concentrated on serving up attractive, attacking football, with the emphasis on ball artistry. They endeavoured to infuse a little craft, a little finesse into the hurly burly of League soccer. They succeeded. That they failed to win a place in the top three was neither here nor there. They did the job they set out to do. They did it well.

And now only we Pompey fans but every soccer supporter in Britain should be proud of them.

## THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby

I THOUGHT YOUR WATCH WAS BROKEN

IT IS

THEN WHY WEAR IT?

I LIKE IT

BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW

IT'S NOT BEING GILLY

ASK SOMEBODY

OF COURSE

IT IS

DO NOT TELL HIS CLASS

TOO FULL, GEORGE

YOU KNOW WHEN A CLUMSY

MAN UP IS

HA HA HA — AND THEN

JUST AS I GOT ONE THE

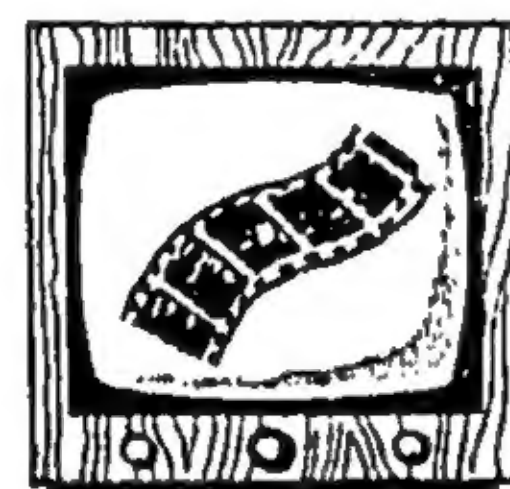
BUS

WHOOO!

GOLLY — FOR ONE AWFUL

MINUTE I APPEARED TO

KNOCKED MY QUIN OVER



- 1 Penit was too
- 2 Strip
- 3 Kind of time
- 4 Sandy
- 5 The beans?
- 6 Hazel?
- 7 Workroom
- 8 A puppet
- 9 Carroll's?
- 10 In waiting

Solution on back Page

## NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

W O T E  
W E C  
O T F  
O T I I H I  
I A L C

W O T E  
W E C  
O T F  
O T I I H I  
I A L C

## BE SPECIFIC



## For the most refreshing

### THIRST QUENCHER

Try Gaymer's

CYDER

SERVED ICE COLD.

Sole Agents: Siro & Maclean Ltd.

For the most refreshing

THIRST QUENCHER

Try Gaymer's

CYDER

SERVED ICE COLD.

Sole Agents: Siro & Maclean Ltd.

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THIRST QUENCHER

Try Gaymer's

CYDER

SERVED ICE COLD.

Sole Agents: Siro & Maclean Ltd.

## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

### FIRST RACE MEETING

Saturday 20th and Saturday 27th October, 1956.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 22 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on the 1st Day.

On the 2nd Day the First Race will be run at 12.00 Noon and the First Race run at 12.30 p.m. The time interval of one hour is after the Second Race (1.00 p.m.), the Third Race will be run at 2.00 p.m.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on the 1st Day and at 10.00 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

## MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Buses at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Admission Buses issued for the 13th and 15th October are valid for the 20th and 27th October respectively.

Times will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered, in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

## PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

## SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosure.

## CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets excluding Kwangtung Handicap may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Agular Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the First Day and 10.00 a.m. on the Second Day of the Race Meeting.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

## SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

In view of the postponement of the First Race Meeting, the sale of tickets has been re-opened and tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap now scheduled to be run on 27th October, 1956, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

## TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,  
A. E. ARNOLD,  
Secretary.











